

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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### Maintaining the National Dignity.

THERE cannot be, nor should there be, on the part of any people, an indifference to the opinion of the civilized world. Nations, like individuals, are amenable to the sentiment of the community to which they belong. Disregard of that sentiment can only spring from ignorant and dangerous conceit or from blind recklessness. The good opinion of the world, however, is not to be secured by solicitation and fawning; these are always interpreted into cowardice or the consciousness of a bad cause. They inspire contempt and provoke insult. No man, strong in his own rectitude and entertaining proper self-respect, will ever err in either direction.

It must be admitted that in times past we have greatly lowered our just position as a people by an undue sensitiveness to foreign opinion, and a too eager anxiety to secure praise and admiration. The fault was not, perhaps, an unnatural one, considering our youth and the circumstances of

our condition. Within a few years, however, and up to the outbreak of this war, the adolescence of the Nation was conspicuous in nothing more than in the calm consciousness of its power and greatness, which, without making it indifferent to its duties among nations, nor insensible of the good opinion of its peers, rendered it careless to the abuse and insensible to the attacks and misrepresentations of petty essayists and dyspeptic travellers. The Trollopes, and Dickenses, and Grattans might write stale slanders, reviewers might carp and criticise, and the Riff-raffs and Roebucks of Parliament might declaim, and yet the country maintained its serenity. The effect of this composure had come to be felt, and the status of the nation had come to be well established.

If the position thus attained has since been weakened, the National dignity lowered, and attack and insult provoked and invited—if indeed the natural animosity of Europe, the offspring of jealousy and fear, has received new food to feed on, the result is greatly due to the folly of our rhetorical

and restless Secretary of State, whose itching for notoriety is only paralleled by his faith in the potency of paragraphs, and the avalanche power of words. His entry into the Department of State was signalled by a broadside of dispatches, from the recoil of which we have not yet recovered, in which he indicated lines of policy which we were obliged to abandon almost as soon as indicated, and indulged in predictions which were belied by events before the ink was dry on the paper on which they were written. They offered a fruitful mine to foreign publicists for subjects of sarcasm, criticism and censure, and exposed joints in our armor which the archers of the press would never have discovered if left to themselves. But Mr. Seward was not content with sending abroad his paper messengers. He organized a corps of missionaries, peripatetic dispatches, so to speak, "some in rags, and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns," some lay, some clerical, some disguised as ministers to petty courts, but with roving commissions covering the ground from Brussels to Caprera, charged with the duty of educat-



BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, MARYLAND—BURNSIDE'S DIVISION CARRYING THE BRIDGE OVER THE ANTIETAM CREEK, AND STORMING THE REBEL POSITION, AFTER A DESPERATE CONFLICT OF FOUR HOURS, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.



ing and directing, if not controlling, the public opinion of Europe. No one who has not lived abroad can fully understand the contempt thus brought on the American name, or conceive the inutility and folly of the attempt to direct an opinion amenable only to real demonstrations of strength and independence, through the machinery of dinners, back-stair influences and personal explanations to men whose notions of their own importance were aggrandized and their insolence encouraged by the circumstance of being appealed to, and their influence tacitly solicited, by the agents and emissaries of the United States!

Why, Lieut. Worden did more in half a day aboard the Monitor, in modifying European opinion, checking schemes of intervention, and securing foreign respect and consideration, than the State Department, with its Envoys and Ministers Resident, its Weeds and Hughes, and secret agents, and all its consumption of dispatch paper, its wire-pullings, its dinners, and diplomacy could effect in ages! When the army of Egypt formed its bristling squares of steel against the Mameluke cavalry, the cry was, "jackasses and savans to the centre!" When fighting is in order, let gabbling cease. The avenue to foreign respect, just now, seems to be exclusively through iron-clads and large and well-organized armies.

These remarks have been called out by a recent letter of Mr. Seward to our Ministers abroad, which, it would seem, they have been instructed to communicate to the various foreign Governments. This letter is very roseate, in fact is in Mr. Seward's best and most sanguine style, and amounts to this: "You see the rebellion is used up; Davis is on his last legs; we are O. K., and the sooner you hurrah with us instead of cottoning to the rebels the better." Earl Russell kept the letter a few weeks, and meantime the glory of Mr. Seward's sunset clouds faded away, and from ruby and sapphire became leaden and threatening. The disastrous campaign of the Peninsula intervened. The opportunity was favorable for the spiteful little Earl, who replied in a letter of mingled sarcasm and satisfaction, that he "didn't see" the improved prospects of the United States, and pretty plainly told Mr. Seward that he was a "humbler" and a remarkably small statesman; intimating also that, to use a vulgarism, the United States was "played out." Europe grins over the rebuke, and America blushes for the folly of its Secretary, who needlessly exposed her to ridicule.

The language of the London *American* on this subject is probably a little more stately than ours, but the sentiment is the same. Every one will concur in its expressions:

"We perfectly agree with the *Times* of Monday, that too much has been said by officials at Washington to conciliate European Governments. If England was attempting to put down another rebellion in India, or Ireland, or Canada, would she take much pains to ascertain the sentiments of her Old World neighbors concerning the propriety of her conduct? Would her statesmen be likely to plead for non-interference, or ask, with hat in hand, the sympathies of any other nation? On the contrary, she would neither look to the right nor the left, consider neither the smiles nor the frowns of the outside world, but go deliberately about the work in hand in her own way. If the manner did not agree with the tastes of other people, she would quietly tell them that was her *modus operandi*, and if they didn't like it they were welcome to manifest their displeasure in any way they might think proper. It is high time for Americans to discover that they are an independent people—a whole nation—that the war which they have undertaken is their own—that they intend to finish it at a time and in a manner most agreeable to themselves—that America is their country; and for that reason, if for no other, they are the best judges of what will be for its present or ultimate good. A disposition to conciliate the prejudices of other nations, to volunteer periodical apologies and explanations, begets contempt; whereas, a bold, independent and self-reliant course, while it will be far more likely to summarily overcome the difficulty at home, will also be more certain to win the confidence and esteem of the outside world."

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### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

#### To the Literary Public.

Considerable sums have been paid to foreign authors for the right of publishing their productions in this country simultaneously with their appearance abroad. We believe that proportionate inducements will call out, in the United States, talent in all respects equal to that which is displayed in the foreign productions so eagerly caught up and reprinted here; and that in the country of Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne and Holmes the field of Fiction offers as wide a range and as hopeful promise as in any part of the world. In this belief, as well as to secure to our readers something truly original and indigenous, the Publisher of this paper offers

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We respectfully request our brethren of the press, not less for the sake of American Literature and American Authors than for our own, to give publicity to the above offer.

#### Summary of the Week.

A week of relative calm has succeeded the week of battles. The National army having driven the enemy out of Maryland and re-occupied Harper's Ferry, rests on its arms, while the rebels, keeping up a show of force on their front, seem to have fallen back to Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley, where they are reported to be entrenching themselves. It is not impossible that, while holding or appearing to hold McClellan in check on the Upper Potomac, they propose to make a sudden dash through Mahassas Gap on Washington—confident that their undertaking would have a decisive result, one way or another, before our slow-going Generals could come to the rescue. They are now in a position to move on Washington or back into Maryland, according to circumstances. If Gen. McClellan stands still, they can make a demonstration on the Capitol. If he moves away, except to advance directly on their position, they can again cross the Potomac and threaten Pennsylvania.

It seems as if the present quiet cannot last long, unless indeed the depressing rumor that Gen. McClellan is entrenching himself on the Upper Potomac is true, in which case we may look for a repetition of the humiliating campaign of last winter, with the two opposing armies in the same relative positions—which may Heaven avert!

We are gradually ascertaining the losses sustained by our army at Antietam, which will amount to not far from 10,000 in killed, wounded and missing. The official figures in two corps, Sumner's and Hooker's, are as follows:

SUMNER'S CORPS.				
	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Officers.....	41	89	..	130
Enlisted men.....	819	3,708	458	4,987

Total for the whole corps..... 5,117

HOOKER'S CORPS.				
	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Doubleday's Division.....	98	609	..	707
Ricketts's Division.....	182	898	137	1,187
Meade's Division (Pennsylvania Reserves).....	97	449	23	569

Total for the corps..... 2,528

Gen. Burnside's loss in killed and wounded will be about 1,600. The total loss in these three army corps is therefore 8,428. The loss in Gen. Franklin's and Gen. Banks's corps (now commanded by Gen. Williams) will bring the casualties fully up to the total stated, though there may be some considerable reduction in the number of missing.

Gen. Buell has been heard from at last! He has actually turned up at the head of a considerable force at Louisville, and the alarm which existed in that city seems to have subsided as rapidly as it was raised. There are now not far from 100,000 National troops under Buell's command, while it is notorious that the rebel force in all Kentucky does not exceed 60,000 men. The army under Kirby Smith, in front of Buell, is estimated at 80,000 men, a small force relatively, but enough to keep our enterprising commander in check for the remainder of the season. Johnston did it with half the men at Bowling Green. It took Gen. Buell and 50,000 men five months to lose Alabama and the ground gained by Gen. Mitchell with 10,000 men in 60 days. If he be kept well reinforced, he probably will not give up Kentucky before the 1st of January. We want only a few more such Generals to finish up the war and the country with it!

The guerillas on the Mississippi, who have been entertaining themselves in firing on our transports from the banks, have met with a severe punishment. The town of Prentiss, in which they had their headquarters, was bombarded by our gunboats and burned to the ground, as Napoleon and Bayou Sara had been previously. Advices from South-western Missouri, up to Sept. 27, state that a portion of the rebel army under Gens. Hindman and Rains is at the Granby Mines, Newton county, near the State line. This force numbers about 15,000 men, poorly armed. Gen. Schofield is preparing to march against them.

The Sioux have received a severe check in the north-west, near Yellow Medicine, from Col. Sibley. About 30 Indians were killed, and many wounded. Our loss was five killed and 34 wounded. The Indians fell back towards Laginparle, Sibley following.

The important proclamation of the President, emancipating all slaves in States or portions of States, that may be in insurrection on the 1st day of January, 1863, has produced a profound impression, and elicited various expressions of opinion. It is issued in conformity with the Act of Congress, confiscating the property of rebels in arms, and is only the logical sequence of the various acts of confiscation. It will be remembered that the rebel Congress was the first to enact measures of confiscation against loyal men within their own borders, and against the property in the South belonging to Northern owners. Whenever this property consisted in slaves, these have been sold and the proceeds appropriated by the rebel Government. In other words, the South having treated slaves as property liable, like all other kinds of property, to confiscation, cannot complain if the National Government shall follow its precedents and example. The only difference is this—while the South confiscates the slaves of loyalists for its own benefit, the Federal Government confiscates the slaves of rebels in the interest of universal freedom!

A meeting of the Governors of the loyal States was lately held at Altoona, Pa. The results of their deliberations have not yet been made public, but are understood to be a resolution to support the policy of the President, and to urge an energetic prosecution of the war by every means within the power of the Government.

**THE DAUGHTER OF THE MICHIGAN 10TH.**—Mrs. L. L. Deming is the adopted daughter of the 10th Michigan regiment, in which her husband is captain. She has followed the fortunes of her husband since the regiment entered the service. She has nursed the sick, cheered the wounded, sung for the low-spirited, and made herself worth her weight in gold in all those offices which an energetic, fearless woman knows how to perform. She can ride her 60 miles on horseback without dismounting; she can march with the best of them; she is as familiar with the music of shell and ball as with her own notes, and she is enthusiastically devoted to the war. She was with the army before Corinth, was under fire repeatedly, but never turned her back on the foe but once, when she was ordered to skedaddle, as one of our own batteries was placed right in the rear of her own tent, which was sure to go by the board at the first fire. Mrs. Deming wore her uniform while in the camp, having a haversack, canteen, and belt with revolvers.

#### Nassau, N. P.

There is a filthy, pestilential, little British town and port in the Bahama Islands, called Nassau, which has been the seat and headquarters of the contraband trade between *honest* John Bull and the rebels—a sort of half-way house between Liverpool and London on one side, and Charleston, Mobile, etc., on the other. Nominally under the British Government, it wholly discards Queen's proclamations and neutrality laws, and lives, as most British establishments in the tropical American seas have always lived, by smuggling, wrecking and piracy. All the vessels running the blockade, or attempting to do so, come from Nassau. No doubt its Governor (for it is the seat of government of the Bahamas) and all the British officials there, participate in the grand game of contraband. They systematically give coal to rebel cruisers and blockade-runners, and as systematically refuse it to United States steamers.

Nassau is situated on the island of New Providence, about 300 miles due east of Key West, and a run of 500 odd miles S. S. E. from Savannah. The place numbers 7,000 inhabitants, the descendants, in the main, of Revolutionary Tories and such other riff-raff as is unable to live in civilized communities. They naturally sympathize with negro-driving, are promiscuous in their social intercourse, bestial in habits, and absolutely destitute of common honesty. Outside of Dahomey there is not a spot on earth so utterly brutalized. Even Jack Tar, who is proverbially careless all over the world, buttons up his pockets in Nassau, and walks in the middle of the dirty streets to avoid contact with its filthy and dangerous inhabitants. A Western paper suggests, for sanitary as well as moral reasons, that one of Col. Ellett's rams should be sent to Nassau to "butt it off its coral reef into the sea." Our Western editor should have some respect for the crabs and fishes, which certainly do not deserve to be put in contact with such a low set as the people of Nassau.

#### Army Encumbrances.

THE necessity of diminishing the enormous supply and baggage trains of our armies, and lessening the loads of our soldiers, has forced itself upon the minds of our Generals and the people at large. We have failed in celerity of movement, and the enemy has outmarched and outmaneuvered us from the fact that our forces have been encumbered to a degree unprecedented in the history of war. We have bragged that our armies have been better equipped and supplied than any ever before known, forgetting that our lavish profusion in this respect has been a curse to us. Our host of teamsters led the rout at Bull Run, and almost fatally embarrassed us on the Peninsula. Bonaparte, looking back from St. Helena, felt that he never had a perfect army, and he said to Las Casas:

"It would not be possible to form a perfect army without a revolution in the manners and education of the soldier, and perhaps even in the officer. This could not be accomplished with ovens, magazines, commissaries and carriages. There can be no perfect army until, in imitation of the Romans, the soldier shall receive his supply of wheat or barley, grind it in his hand-mill, and bake his bread himself. We cannot hope to possess an army until we abolish all our monstrous trains of civil attendants."

The 1st infantry and cavalry California volunteers have just taught us an important lesson in this respect, having marched more than a thousand miles from the Pacific to the Rio Grande, through a desert country, where no provisions or forage could be obtained, and where everything for horse and man was carried with them; and yet, with a smaller train than that of a regiment not marching 50 miles from Washington, they averaged 17 miles a day for nearly 60 days. Officers and men shared the hardships of the march alike, without tents and without baggage, one wagon sufficing to transport 10 days' rations and the property of each Company.

The disadvantages and dangers of excessive baggage has been made the subject of remark in a recent letter from Mr. Olmsted, the able Secretary of the Sanitary Commission, who says:

"Volunteers almost universally, until they learn better by dear-bought experience, undertake to carry an excessive amount of clothing. To this cause, and to the excessive baggage of their officers, some of the severest losses of the Union forces in the present war are attributed by the highest military authority. But even when successful in battle, the attempt to secure comfort by the possession of an unusual amount of clothing is nearly always frustrated; the heaviest knapsack being thrown away at the first hard march, while the light one is retained, and the long and heavily laden wagon train being cut off, when the light and short one is protected. Similar observations apply to regimental hospitals."

"The hospital of a regiment in the field should be supplied with nothing but the bare necessities for the temporary treatment of the sick, who in all serious cases are removed as fast as possible to general hospitals, where the supplies of the regiment are not available. An excessive amount of regimental hospital stores and conveniences is a cruelty to the sick and wounded; for it occasions the frequent detention and separation from the regiment of the few articles essential to the usefulness of the surgeon. The Commission has from the first protested against a common error of surgeons in this respect, as well as against the greater evil of the common attempt of the volunteer soldiers to carry into the field too many of the means of comfort to which they are habituated in civil life."

#### Southern Conditions of Peace.

MR. FOOTE, a member of the rebel Congress, has introduced the following peace resolution in that body:

"Resolved, By the Congress of the Confederate States of America, that the signal success with which Divine Providence has so continuously blessed our arms for several months past, would fully justify the Confederate Government in dispatching a Commissioner or Commissioners to the Government at Washington City, empowered to propose the terms of a just and honorable peace."

What is meant by a "just and honorable peace," is explained by Mr. E. Delany, in *De Bow's Southern Review*, to mean a boundary including Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and Kansas; unqualified control of the lower Mississippi; indemnity for the slaves carried off or which have run away during the war; an outlet to the Pacific by way of Texas and Arizona for the great Southern Railway, etc., etc. Foreigners, excepting those now resident in the South, are to be excluded from citizenship and office. "With the exception of these, and after that time, no more votes should be allowed, and no more offices be held, except by native-born citizens of the Confederacy."

These are a few of the liberal conditions of "a just and honorable peace," and we commend them to the attention



of the so-called "Peace" party of the North, and particularly to the attention of the foreign-born adherents of that faction.

#### Alleged Substitute for Cotton.

A GREAT excitement has been made in England by the announcement of the discovery of a substitute for cotton, or rather of a substance which may be largely and advantageously mixed with cotton in manufactures. This is the Jute or Jute Hemp. It is the inner bark of a plant or shrub of the *Tilia* or lime-tree family, to which belongs our lime or linden (bass or bastwood). The jute plant (*Corchorus Capensis*) is cultivated to an immense extent in India, particularly in Bengal. It is also found in Brazil, whence small quantities are exported. It is an annual plant, growing from 12 to 14 feet in height. The fibre, which has of late years become so generally used that it rivals flax and hemp as a commercial product, is usually about eight feet long, fine, and of a remarkably satiny lustre. It will not stand wet well, and hence is not adapted for cordage or canvas that requires to be exposed to the weather. In India it is chiefly used in making coarse canvas called gunny, of which bags and bales are made for packing raw produce. In England it is often mixed with hemp for cordage, and is even mixed with silk in the manufacture of cheap satins, in which it almost defies detection. Its principal use is in making coarse cloth for bagging, and in making the foundations of cheap carpets, mats, etc. The amount of jute hemp imported into England from the British East Indies, for the year 1855, was 530,964 cwts., valued at \$2,159,830. The amount imported into the United States for 1860, at the custom-house valuation, was upwards of \$2,000,000. Besides direct importations, a large quantity of gunny cloth is sent from the East Indies in the form of envelopes for other materials, such as nitre, coffee, etc. Owing to the great cheapness of the gunny, the bags are rarely used more than once before they fall into the hands of the rag-merchants and paper-makers. In this condition they constitute the cheapest paper stock to be found in the market. The demand for it, however, has not been extensive even at low prices, as it is impossible to bleach the fibres sufficiently to render them serviceable for the manufacture of white paper. This is owing to the fact that the bark of the tree producing the gunny contains a large quantity of humic and cremic acids, together with some mineral bases, and some tannin. These substances rapidly neutralize and destroy almost any bleaching agent which can be applied. The use of gunny is therefore wholly restricted to the manufacture of brown wrapping and envelope papers. The best and whitest rope used in the Isthmus of Panama and many parts of South and Central America is made from the fibre of a member of this family, the *Apelba Tiborbon*, or *Cortezia* of the natives. In Cuba there are a number of plants and trees of this family, known under the name of *Guisasos*. The *Guisaso de Caballo* (*Triumpheta Semitriloba*) produces a good fibre, used for cloth, rope, etc. Other varieties are said to equal it in this respect, but the best fibre is obtained from the *Guisaso del Cochino* (*Triumpheta Lappula*).

ANTIETAM CREEK, near which the great battle of Wednesday, Sept. 17, was fought, is a tributary of the Potomac, running through Washington county, Maryland. The name is pronounced as though spelled An-tee-tam, with the accent on the second syllable.

THE *Richmond Examiner* says that there is "an evident indisposition on the part of our people to make investments" in the Confederate securities. It is one of the few evidences we discover that the Southern people have not parted with all their good sense.

MARYLAND.—The rebel invasion of Maryland has had a result so decisive and disastrous as to leave no doubt in the most prejudiced rebel mind of the impolicy of the undertaking. The *Petersburg Express* comments on it as follows:

"The experiment has been made, and the result, we think, should banish from our minds the idea that Maryland is disposed at present to unite her destinies with the South. If she had been, her people, upon the appearance of our army upon her soil, would have risen en masse and rushed by tens of thousands into its ranks. They have failed to respond to his [Lee's] noble appeal in the desired way, and the victories of Boonsville and Sharpsburg, purchased with torrents of blood, have been rendered unprofitable, in a material point of view. He has very wisely withdrawn his army from Maryland, the co-operation of whose people in his plans and purposes was indispensable for success."

The *Express* might have added that the invasion has gone far to destroy very much of the lurking sympathy with which the South was regarded in Maryland. It has left it more decidedly a Union State than ever. The testimony to this effect is clear and concurrent. Dr. Heard, Medical Director of Rickett's Division, writes, under date of Sept. 2 st: "The women of Maryland have done nobly. They have fed and nursed our poor wounded soldiers with every care. God bless them! This expedition of the rebels has done everything to strengthen the Union feeling in Maryland. It has been a good thing for us."

THE best calculations of the National losses at Antietam Creek, made by the Surgeon-General, fixes the number killed at 1,200, wounded at 9,000. The Inspector-General states that he himself has caused to be buried 8,000 dead rebels, left on the field by their comrades. From this he concludes that their wounded must have reached fully 10,000.

MR. SEWARD has written a letter to the Paisley (Scotland) Peace Society, in reply to an address from that body sent to the President, in which he says:

"Engaged in maintaining against an unprovoked and senseless section a Government whose principle is the political equality of the members of the State, and whose policy is peace and good-will toward all States and all men, it has been a disappointment to learn that our struggle is at best a matter of indifference to the Governments of Europe, while it is generally represented to us that the nations of that continent sympathize, not with us, but with the insurgents, and desire nothing less than our National ruin. If these representations are true, it is a new and melancholy illustration of the disposition of mankind to seek to do harm to each other at the cost of common sacrifices and sufferings."

IN the operations on the Peninsula and in Maryland (including the scandalous incident of Harper's Ferry) it is said that the National Army has lost 50,000 stand of arms, and upwards of 100 pieces of first-class light artillery. These facts give point to a recent remark of Gen. Ripley, Chief of Ordnance, who is said to have stated that he ought to be the ablest ordnance officer in the world, as he was required to furnish arms enough to supply the enemy's army as well as our own!

RUBBER BLANKETS.—We have repeatedly urged it upon the powers that be, that no matter is too small for their consideration when it tends to the sanitary welfare of the men entrusted to their care. It should be as much a necessity that every officer, from the grade of Captain up, should be informed on sanitary subjects, as that the surgeon of the regiment should be.

A year ago there was much agitation on the subject of rubber blankets. Some thousands of these were sent to the seat of war, of which we are credibly informed but few found their way to the tents of the enlisted men. Now, while we are spending money by millions, it would be in the highest degree judicious to spend some portion of it for rubber blankets. If, in the coming inclement season we can keep our men dry, even though we do not keep them warm, we have attained a point of as much importance as the winning of a battle. Under the kindly shelter of a rubber blanket, the soldier can remain through the heaviest rains dry, and, as a consequence, free from the various types of disease engendered by exposure and inability to change clothes that have become saturated. At such times as tents cannot be used it is especially valuable, acting at once and the same time as tent and blanket. When the men are in camp, the rubber blanket is not only an essential for outside duty, but as a luxury of the highest class inside the tent its multiplied uses can hardly be enumerated. The tent itself is oftentimes no shelter, heavy showers penetrating it through and soaking its inmates. At such time the rubber blanket is a treasure beyond price. Even if the

interior of the tent remain dry, the floor cannot be so. If the soldier be not in permanent camp, the flooring of a tent with plank is almost an impossibility. Then the rubber blanket becomes a floor, and with the return of fine weather the application of a little water will restore it to pristine beauty. These are a few reasons why our soldiers should each and all have a rubber blanket.

GEN. MITCHELL.—This efficient officer has taken command of his department, with his headquarters at Fort Royal. He has already made visits to all the points of importance under his command, and has quite stirred up the enthusiasm of his soldiers. When at Fort Pulaski he made a characteristic speech, from which we copy the following paragraph:

"I am very restless. I don't know how to be still. If you were to confine me within a fortress or upon one of these islands, I should feel as though I were in a penitentiary. I don't know what the object of the Government was in sending me here; but it is the duty of a good soldier to obey orders. My instructions permit me to do pretty much as I please; and I shall endeavor to do the best I can. I assure you of this—that I will omit no opportunity of giving you active employment. You shall have no time for sighing or lamenting over your inactivity, if we can find anything to do. Be assured that if I can use you, no opportunity will escape for active duty, if you are ready for the field."

M. LABOULAYE, a French writer and reviewer of distinction, has recently published a series of essays relating chiefly to the United States. In one of these he says, in language full of sense and significance:

"America has not, as some suppose, a new and semi-barbarous civilization, but a civilization, in many respects, far beyond that of Europe. The soil, indeed, is new, but the society is old; it is simply England transplanted—but England without an Established Church, without a nobility, without class privileges, without a standing army. In the South, indeed, there is a feudal aristocracy, resting on slavery; but in the North and West there is the most powerful and enlightened Democracy the world ever saw."

WHO SUPPORTS THE SOUTH?—Let a Southern letter-writer answer: "We have our armories in England; but for England we should have been obliged to end this war long ago for want of the necessary weapons. She is our best friend, and a friend in need. English foundries cast our cannon; English artisans forge our rifles; English vessels bring them over; English adventures run your blockade, and keep good the supply of arms as fast as the circumstances of war diminish it."

SWALLOWING AND ASSIMILATING.—England has commenced lubricating China as a preliminary to its absorption, in whole or in part. Capt. Osborn, R.N., and Mr. H. N. Lay have been authorized by an Order in Council to enter into the military service of the Emperor of China, and to acquire and equip ships and to enlist British subjects for the said service. This permission to be in force for two years. This makes it pretty clear that England will have before long in China a company of active and able men, energetically employed in governing the country, nominally on behalf of the Emperor—really in the English interest—and who will not easily be persuaded again to resign that Government into native and incapable hands. A more systematic beginning of the well-known process of swallowing and assimilating an Oriental Government can scarcely be conceived.

COLLAPSE OF CRINOLINE.—The *lorettes* of Paris who were the first to introduce the bell-shaped structures of steel and tape called crinolines, are now abandoning it for the train. Their dresses trail behind them and literally sweep the streets. A Paris correspondent writes:

"It is already impossible to walk along the boulevards without trampling, every now and then, upon some lady's *queue*, and the consequence is hardly less disastrous than if the unlucky stroller had trod on a serpent's tail. Madame turns round in a fury, and before the culprit has time to apologise, she launches at his head two or three short epithets, which are pretty certain to attract the attention of the passers by. If this were all the evil would not be quite incurable; but from time immemorial it has been the glory of respectable Parisiennes to despise the others, while it has always been their happiness to imitate them in dress. Since the demi-monde has begun to banish crinolines, it is observed that dresses are becoming less round on all sides, but what they lose in expansiveness is simply made up in length, and the new style bids fair to be even more ruinous to the pockets of husbands and fathers than was the last. The only way to study real economy will be to employ a page to follow madams or mademoiselles when she sallies forth, and carry her tail."

THE Fort Pitt Works at Pittsburg, Pa., are turning out the immense 16-inch guns now at the rate of three a week. These guns weigh each, in the rough, about 70,000 pounds, and apart from the difficulty of casting, the labor of handling, turning and finishing such a mass of metal is immense. There are four of these guns now in the lathe, and by the time these are out others will be ready to take their places. It is the intention to turn out three a week for the balance of the year. They are intended for the new Monitors, and are the most formidable of their character in the world. Arrangements are now in progress for casting a 20-inch gun. This latter gun will throw a ball of 1,000 pounds, and is expected to have a range of four miles.

AN enumeration of the trophies taken from the rebels in the late battles in Maryland shows that we captured 35,000 stand of arms, 16 pieces of artillery and 25 stands of colors.

IOWA is the first State to fill her quota under the call for 600,000. She has every man in the field by voluntary enlistment, and all for three years or the war.

SHOULD the rebellion continue in its present proportions until the 1st of January next, the number of slaves which will on that day be virtually emancipated, under the proclamation of the President, will be as follows:

Alabama.....	435,132
Arkansas.....	111,104
Florida.....	61,753
Georgia.....	432,226
Louisiana.....	339,910
Mississippi.....	416,096
North Carolina.....	331,081
South Carolina.....	402,441
Tennessee.....	275,784
Texas.....	180,682
Eastern Virginia.....	375,000
Total, according to census of 1860.....	3,405,016

THE Massachusetts 2d carried 225 men into the Antietam battle, and had 14 killed and 55 wounded. Their flag received 22 new bullet holes; and the staff, struck by four bullets, was again out in two.

COTTON CULTURE IN ILLINOIS.—The experiment of cotton culture in Southern Illinois has proved successful. Some samples, raised from seed procured from Tennessee, and planted last May, have reached this market. A patch of five acres gave 1,500 pounds, which is a fair crop in the South. There are 2,000,000 acres of good cotton lands in Illinois, and it is not improbable that cotton may soon come to be a leading staple of the State.

SOME QUESTIONS.—"We now know that Gen. McClellan had to fight the battle of Antietam against cannon to the amount of 67 guns and four field batteries, ammunition to the extent of 100 tons, and 14,000 small arms of the best character, captured from us at Harper's Ferry and added to the enemy's strength. From our fighting man over 14,000 were deducted at the most critical moment. Nor do we yet know if the whole amount of our losses at Harper's Ferry has been or ever will be revealed to us, except, perhaps, through rebel sources. Miles was known to have been one principal cause of our losing the battle of Bull Run, by his intoxication; yet he was whitewashed by a Court Martial, and had he not been killed (as is said, by one of his own men, disgraced by his cowardice), he would have probably been continued in the service. Has the surrender of Norfolk ever been punished? Has the General who, in the Peninsula, prevented the capture of a rebel brigade, by his drunken shouting, ever paid the penalty of his misconduct?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.—No. 26 of Frank Leslie's Folio Historical History of the War is issued. The historical part is from official documents and reliable. The engravings are by his own artists, superbly engraved, and well printed. One engraving, over a yard in length, showing the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and destruction of the rebel flotilla of iron-plated vessels by the National Squadron, under Com. Farragut, has never been equalled in the line of wood-engraving in this country.—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A correspondent of the *Post* objects to disgracing respectable steamboats with such names as "Johns C. Hearst," "Jesse Hoyt," "Thomas Powell," "Thomas Collier," "Isaac P. Smith," "Thomas E. Hulce," and the like, and compares these designations with the sonorous, euphonious names of the steamers Oregon, Manhattan, Niagara or the Rip Van Winkle! A graceful object ought to be called by respectable Indian names, and not after members of the Cabinet and private individuals. Sailors cannot summon much enthusiasm for a hideously named vessel. Could the splendid fellows who went down with the Cumberland have fought so well for a ship named the Simon Cameron? Could old Lawrence have died so bravely on the Chesapeake had she been known as the Caleb Smith? In fact, it would be as sensible to name vessels after the official titles of their owners as to simply transfer to them their owners' names. In this way we might hear of the swift and commodious Steamer "Assistant Postmaster-General," or the fast sailing clipper "Extensive and well-known Shipping Merchant," or the elegant and safe river steamer "Ship Chandler and Proprietor of Boggs's Towboat Line."

DOWN WITH THE INCENDIARY YANKEE RAILWAYS.—The European guardians of civilization, having partially recovered breath after their long and vehement abuse of Gen. Butler and his order about improper women, should turn their attention to the doings of their rebel friends. The following paragraph from a late number of the *Petersburg, Va., Express*, would afford an excellent text for a touching appeal to the "moral sense of Christendom" against vandalic excesses! Railroads, it seems, are Yankee institutions, and ought to be "put down." The *Express* is speaking of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, which the rebel army is now busy in destroying, as per programme:

"We trust that a portion of our army will be set immediately to work to destroy this railroad in a way to render its reconstruction impracticable. Every bridge, tunnel and culvert should be forthwith demolished; every embankment levelled, every cut filled up, and every cross tie and rail removed from Harper's Ferry to Wheeling and Parkersburg. The road has been a source of nothing but evil to the State since it was made, and more especially since the commencement of the war. It has more or less paralyzed the entire region between its track and the Pennsylvania border, from the Ohio to the Potomac."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—This splendid and enterprising paper reaches us weekly, and is one of our most welcome visitors. Not an important battle-scene, not a besieged town or rebel stronghold, not a prominent Union or rebel officer but is promptly transferred to the pages of this paper. Joined with the illustrations are accurate and concise accounts of all military movements, and brief biographies of the prominent Generals and statesmen of the day. In addition to this is the editorial department and a large amount of miscellaneous reading, tales, poetry, etc., of the highest order. We notice in the last number of the paper that the proprietor offers a prize of \$5,000 for the best original American novel, and \$1,000 for the second best. Now is the time to subscribe, as the next number commences a new volume. Terms: \$2 50 a year; \$2 for clubs. Address, Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.—*Westchester (Pa.) Record*.

THE rebel loss in general officers during the late battles in Maryland does not fall short of our own. Two were killed and six wounded, as follows: Gen. Stark, of Mississippi, commanding Jackson's Division, killed; Brig.-Gen. Branch, of North Carolina, killed; Brig.-Gen. R. H. Anderson, wounded in hip, not dangerously; Brig.-Gen. Wright, of Georgia, flesh wounds in breast and leg; Brig.-Gen. Lawton, in leg; Brig.-Gen. Armistead, in the foot; Brig.-Gen. Ripley, in neck; Brig.-Gen. Ransom, of North Carolina, slightly. And here it may be remarked that the vanity of many of our officers is costing them their lives. They do not seem to realize that by wearing into battle brilliant and showy clothing they are inviting scores of the enemy's bullets. The shoulder-straps and double-breasted buttons of field and general officers can be distinguished by sharpshooters at a long distance. It is by no means any mark of cowardice to wear a plain unpretending blouse and hat or cap when going into battle. We lose too many good officers in every battle to admit of this practice any longer. The enemy's officers can scarcely be distinguished from the privates. The officers they lose are lost because they get in the way of our bullets, and are rarely specially picked off. If an officer cannot overcome the desire to wear a showy uniform in battle, then he should be an order issued which will prevent it.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

EX-KING LOUIS, of Bavaria, father of the reigning monarch, lately passed through Lyons on his way from Geneva to Rome. He is 70 years of age, and travels incognito under the name of Count de Spessard.

THE Emperor Napoleon was from 1821 to 1823 a pupil in the St. Ann public school at Augsburg. A commemorative fête was held there some time ago, and the Emperor sent 100 bottles of champagne to the guests and a donation of 500 francs to the poor of the town.

THE thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the city of Teplitz, in Bohemia, was lately celebrated. On the majority of the houses were inscribed the names of the remarkable personages who inhabited them. Among others were noticed that of Frederick William I., with the inscription: "He will never be forgotten at Teplitz." Humboldt, Charles X. of France, Marie Louise, the Archduke Charles, Count de Chambord, King Anthony of Saxony, Goethe, and Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.

THE cable intended to establish a telegraphic communication between Bavaria and Switzerland, across the Lake of Constance, has been submerged. The total length is 70,000 feet, and its weight 250 quintals.

THE *Invalide Russe* mentions a rather singular piece of economy effected in the expenses of its printing by the suppression of the c mute, which in Russian writing is added to every syllable terminating with a consonant, but which is not made use of in the pronunciation. The suppression of this letter makes a saving of eight per cent. in the composition of the journal.

IT is stated that the receipts of the theatres, concert-rooms and other places of public amusement in Paris, during the month of August, amounted to 1,940,807 francs, being 123,015 francs more than in the preceding month.

WITH reference to the Montenegrin war, the subjoined account of the attack on Cetigne, published in the *Levant Herald*, of the 3d Sept., possesses considerable interest: "On the 24th ult., at daylight, Abdi and Dervish Pachas, by order of the Serdar Ekrem, attacked Cetigne, which was strongly barricaded; the Montenegrins, who had thrown themselves into the place, were reinforced by a number of Slavians, who had recently arrived by way of Cattaro. The Ottoman troops, to the number of 25,000, were divided into three columns. The rifled cannon, under Mehmet Bey, having soon silenced the enemy's guns, the assault was immediately commenced, and the place fell completely into the hands of the imperial troops in less than eight hours. The Montenegrins set fire to a number of houses in the town, retiring across the Austrian frontier, where they had been preceded by Prince Nicholas and Mirko. The Ottoman artillery kept up a heavy fire on the Montenegrins as they fled. The mountaineers had already offered their submission, but the Porte refused to accept it before fully occupying the whole of their territory. The Sultan has given a handsome present to the bearer of this important news."

PRINCE ARJANT, son of Queen Pomare, has left Otaheite to visit France, and is expected to reach Paris during the month of October.

AT the end of August there were in Russia 33,104 verstes of electric telegraph (24,900 miles). The number of stations was 150, An additional length of 10,335 verstes is being laid.





A SCENE ON THE BATTLE FIELD—CAMP FOLLOWERS BIVLING THE DEAD AFTER BATTLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHILL.

#### ST. PETER'S CHURCH, NEW KENT, VIRGINIA.

Our sketch on this page will always have an interest for every American, since within the hallowed walls of that little church the Father of his Country became the husband of Martha Custis. St. Peter's church is about five miles from the White House, Pamunky river, already illustrated in this paper. The clergyman officiating at this memorable marriage was the Rev. Mr. Munson, a Cambridge man (England), as he is somewhat ostentatiously called in Wirt's "History of Virginia." The marriage took place in 1759, but the exact day is, strange to say, unknown, having escaped the researches of even Jared Sparks. FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for August, 1862, contains some most interesting particulars of the courtship of our great Founder.

#### THE MULE CORRAL AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

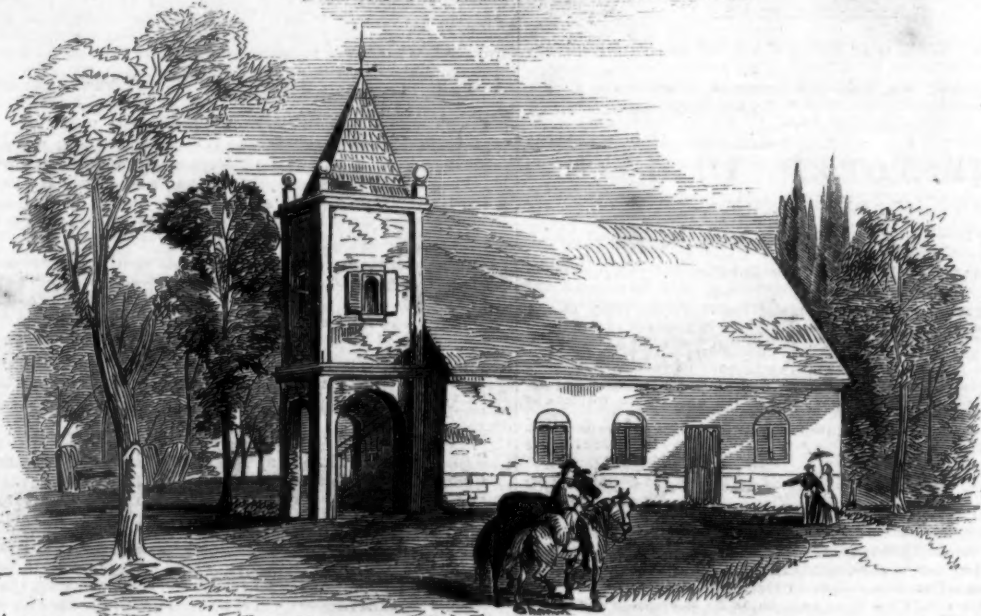
An old writer says that, "with the exception of a woman, the mule is the most obstinate of animals," which an Irishman once quoted, "the most obstinate of quadrupeds." And old Burton—not the comedian, but the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy"—improves upon this by quaintly adding, "Indeed, there would seem to be some strong affinity between them, since the Latin name for woman is *mulier*, which means more obstinate, or mulier than a mule." Requesting our fair readers not to give us credit for a moment as holding such heretical opinions on that sex which is so little lower than the angels, we proceed to say that Mr. Lovie, in sending us the sketch of the Mule Corral, observes that the contemplation of this spot is quite a study. A mule not having the negative docility of a pig, which can be always got to go the way you want by trying to drive it in the contrary direction—a national peculiarity which an Irishman turned to good account by pulling by the tail towards the Battery the pig he wanted to drive to Harlem—a mule won't go any way. It is stubborn immobility personified. A man may have genius enough to drive a pig, or even to cure it, but it requires something more or less than human to manage a mule. Nevertheless, Yankee ingenuity occasionally accomplishes this feat, and renders the surest-footed of quadrupeds a great acquisition to the camp. Our sketch represents the Union men lassoing the wild mules preparatory to their being tied up—the first letter in their alphabet of education.

#### BRIG.-GEN. WM. BENJ. FRANKLIN.

This enterprising and hard fighting soldier is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and is about 40 years old. He entered West Point, 1839; on July 1, 1843, he was breveted 2d Lieut. Topographical Engineers, and on the 23d of February, 1847, he received the brevet of 1st Lieut. for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista. He was afterwards appointed Assistant Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Military Academy, from July 1848 to 1850, and was for a short time in New York on special and important service. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was promoted to a Colonelcy, and three days afterwards made Brigadier-General. At the battle of Bull Run he commanded a brigade, and did all a brave officer could to redeem the fortunes of that luckless field. He has since been continually in active service, and distinguished himself on the Peninsula. At the battle of Antietam he commanded a division, and acquitted himself with his usual gallantry.

#### BRIG.-GEN. DON CARLOS BUELL.

DON CARLOS BUELL was born in Ohio, in 1819, and entered West Point in 1837. He was commissioned 2d Lieutenant 3d Infantry, July 1, 1841. In June, 1846, he was made 1st Lieutenant, and on the 23d Sept., 1846, he was breveted Captain for his gallant and meritorious conduct at Monterey. In 1847 and 1848 he acted as Adjutant, and distinguished himself in the desperate conflict of Cerro Gordo. At the battles of Contreras and Churubusco he won



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, NEW KENT COUNTY, VIRGINIA, WHERE WASHINGTON WAS MARRIED, 1759.

his rank of Major. In the latter engagement he was severely wounded. Capt. Buell received in January, 1848, the appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General, and in March, 1851, he resigned his military rank and retired into private life. At the commencement of the present war he offered his services to President Lincoln, and was made Lieutenant-Colonel, 11th May, 1861. On the 17th May he was made Brigadier-General, being one of that unfortunate batch of 138, all made on a single day. He is now in command of our army in the West, and arrived in Louisville, Ky., on the 25th Sept., almost too late to save the city from falling into the hands of Gen. Bragg, the leader of the Rebel forces.

#### A POMPEIIAN BAKERY.

AMONG the recent discoveries made at Pompeii is that of a baker's house, which is thus described by a correspondent:

"In a corner of one of the inner rooms was found a heap of silver and copper coins, to the number of above 500. They had seemingly been tied up together in a little bag, which, however, has entirely disappeared; and at first they were agglutinated into a mass, although they have since been separated without difficulty. At the same time, and near the same spot, were found two large shears or scissors, and soon afterwards a house mill of the ordinary description, together with a little heap of wheat, the grains blackened indeed and somewhat shriveled, but yet fully preserving their shape and very little diminished in size. Even if these indications had not sufficiently pointed out the house as a baker's establishment, all doubt was removed this morning by the discovery in the next apartment, not only of the metal scoop or shovel with which the loaves were placed in the oven, but also of the oven itself, the mouth of which was closed with a large iron door, not attached by hinges, but simply, as at present, cemented at the edges to the faces of the four large slabs which formed the mouth of the oven. At the moment when I entered the bakehouse, the workmen were endeavoring to remove the iron door, but one of the handles gave way in the attempt. A little patience and care, however, overcame the difficulty, and it was no sooner withdrawn than we were rewarded with the sight of the entire batch of loaves, such as they were deposited in the oven 1,783 years ago. They are 82 in number, and are all, so far as regards form, size, and indeed every characteristic except weight and color, precisely as they came from the baker's hand. When it is remembered that up to the present time but two such loaves had been discovered, one of them imperfect, the interest of this discovery will be fully appreciated. They are circular, about nine inches in diameter, rather flat and indented (evidently with the elbow) in the centre, but they are slightly raised at the sides, and divided by deep lines radiating from the centre into eight segments. They are of a deep brown color, and hard, but exceedingly light.

"I can hardly describe the emotion with which I found myself thus brought into the immediate presence of the everyday life of old Pompeii, and led to have an actual part in completing the unfinished work of eight centuries ago. How little did the honest Pompeian craftsman, when he sealed up the stock for the supply of his customers on the morrow, anticipate that it was only to see the light through the hands of a generation then undreamt of—one of them a barbarian from the West, after the lapse of 1,800 years."

THE HOLY BUILDINGS AT MECCA.—An English traveller has recently penetrated to the shrine of the Mahomedan world at Mecca, who thus describes its holy buildings: "On crossing the threshold we entered a vast unroofed quadrangle, a mighty amplification of the Palais Royal, having on each of its four sides a broad colonnade, divided into three aisles by a multitude of slender columns and rising to the height of about 30 feet. Surmounting each arch of the colonnade is a small dome—in all there are 120, and at different points arise seven

minarets, dating from various epochs, and of somewhat varying altitudes and architecture. The numerous pigeons which have their home within the Temple have been believed never to alight upon any portion of its roof, thus miraculously testifying to the holiness of the building. This marvel having, however, of late years been suspended, many discern another omen of the approach of the long-predicted period when unbelievers shall desecrate the hallowed soil. In the centre of the square area rises the far-famed Kabah, the funeral shade of which contrasts vividly with the sunlit walls and precipices of the town. It is a cubical structure of massive stone, the upper two-thirds of which are mantled by a black cloth, embroidered with silver, and the lower portion hung with white linen. At a distance of several yards it is surrounded by a balustrade provided with lamps, which are lighted in the evening, and the space thus enclosed is the circuit ground, along which day and night crowds of pilgrims, performing the circular ceremony of Tawaf, realize the idea of perpetual motion. We at once advanced to the Black Stone, embedded in an angle of the Kabah, kissed it, and exclaimed, 'Bismillah wa Allahu Akbar'—In God's name, and God is greatest. Then we commenced the usual seven rounds, three at a walking pace and four at a brisk trot. Next followed two prayer-positions at the tomb of Abraham, after which we drank of the water of Zamzam, said to be the same which quenched the thirst of Hagar's exhausted son."

ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES.—The latest bit of Parisian gossip is as follows: "About a dozen years ago a man, rather shabbily dressed, but bearing an air of distinction, entered a café of modest appearance in the Faubourg St. Germain, and asked for a cup of coffee and a roll. This he swallowed rapidly, as if pressed by extreme hunger, and then slowly retired, without, however, seeming to avoid the demand for payment. The waiter, stupefied, hastened to inform his mistress, a widow burthened with a family, but a kind-hearted woman, of what had taken place. The latter, who had observed the air of dejection of the stranger, immediately replied, 'It is all right, I know the gentleman.' The next day the stranger returned, asked for the same things, and retired in the same manner as before, without paying. This continued for about two months, after which he was seen no more. About a month ago the widow was invited to call upon a notary to receive a sum of money which had been left to her by will. She could not believe her good fortune, and thought there must be some mistake, when the notary afforded her an explanation by reading the following extract from a will which he held in his hand: 'I bequeath 60,000fr. to the widow —, proprietress of a café (giving the address), to thank her for her generosity in giving me a breakfast every day for two months, without demanding payment, which it was then impossible for me to make. I was then in misery, but since, fortune having smiled on me, it is only just that I should pay for the 60 breakfasts to which I owed my life.'"

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.—Miss Martineau contributes to the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine* some reminiscences of her conversations when in America, in 1835, with Chief Justice Marshall: "When I knew the Chief Justice he was 83—as bright-eyed and warm-hearted as ever, while as dignified a judge as ever filled the highest seat in the highest court of any country. He said he had seen Virginia the leading State for half his life; he had seen her become the second, and sink to be (I think) the fifth. Worse than this, there was no arresting her decline if her citizens did not put an end to slavery; and he saw no signs of any intention to do so, east of the mountains at least. He had seen whole groups of estates, populous in his time, lapse into waste. He had seen agriculture exchanged for human stock-breeding, and he keenly felt the degradation. The forest was returning over the fine old estates, and the wild creatures which had not been seen for generations were reappearing; numbers and wealth were declining, and education and manners were degenerating. It would not have surprised him to be told that on that soil would the main battles be fought when the critical day should come which he foresaw."



MULE CORRAL AT PITTSBURG LANDING.—SKETCHED BY MR. HENRI LOVIE.



BRIG.-GEN. WM. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, COMMANDING A DIVISION AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.BRIG.-GEN. DON CARLOS BUELL, COMMANDER OF THE UNION FORCES IN THE WEST.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

## RESTORED TO LIFE.

In the year 1797, Monsieur de Féron, widower, an avocat in good practice and repute, resided at Marseilles with an only child who had just completed her 19th year. Mademoiselle Mathilde de Féron, being a young lady of great personal attraction, amiable disposition, and by no means a dowerless maiden, had, as a matter of course, a crowd of admirers, among them a certain Monsieur Eugène de Beaurepaire, Lieutenant of Cuirassiers, a gentleman of good family and distinguished appearance—able to hold his own both in the ballroom and in the field. It was not surprising, therefore, that even the belle of Marseilles should listen to his vows with a willing ear, nor that her father, well informed as to this military *prétendant's* position and prospects, should give him the cordial welcome of a son-in-law expectant.

So far, the course of this true love ran very smooth indeed. The lieutenant, possessing and exercising all the rights of a future husband, meditated seriously how best to disclose, whether by letter or by interview—love made him nervous and timid—the news of his projected marriage to his relatives; the whole town of Marseilles looked forward to the approaching nuptials as to a festival, when—*mille tonnerres*—down came an order from the Minister of War, directing him to hold himself in readiness for foreign service.

The next morning at a very early hour he presented himself at Monsieur de Féron's residence, and communicated the distressing news. He himself was in despair—Mathilde in speechless grief—even her father was overwhelmed with the intelligence. But when the first shock was over, some feeble glimmerings of hope began to revive. The lieutenant talked of hastening the marriage and taking his wife with him. Monsieur de Féron would not listen to it. He then offered to resign his commission. "An act of consummate folly," replied his senior, who in the meantime was calmly resolving upon a line of action. "The engagement shall continue," he said, at length, "but you must wait for matrimony until you return from the wars." Refusing to entertain for a moment Beaurepaire's final proposal to marry Mathilde forthwith, and leave her in her father's care, he continued, "You are both very young, two or three years separation will only test the strength of your affection, and eventually you will be the happier for this trial."

The usual protestations of love and constancy were exchanged. The moon, so friendly to lovers, witnessed their vows, as they sat beneath a fragrant orange tree laden with flowers. They fixed the hours in which they should think of one another, and ended by agreeing to think of each other always, and as the lieutenant imprinted a passionate farewell on the lips of his beautiful mistress, she murmured, "Oh, Eugène! if I were dead, your kiss would recall me to life!" And with these strange words they parted.

Six years passed away. In the year 1803, Major Eugène de Beaurepaire landed at Cherbourg, and on the 13th of August arrived at his mother's house at Fontainebleau. Hard fighting and hard fare had been our hero's portion since his love-making days at Marseilles, three times severely wounded, once left for dead on the field, and for the last two years a prisoner in England. Madame de Beaurepaire welcomed her son as one risen from the dead; but after the first transports of this happy reunion were over, she noticed a strange sorrow and disquiet in his looks, and preoccupation in his replies. He endeavored to account for it on the plea of ill-health. Six years' hardship had perhaps left their mark behind, but he did not add that a decent pretext for tearing himself away, and hastening on the wings of love to Marseilles, would effect a marvellous cure.

The very first moment he could frame an excuse

for his departure, he secured a place on the malle-post for Marseilles, and on the 21st of August threaded his way once more through the well-known streets towards Monsieur de Féron's residence. The door was opened by a servant in deep mourning. "Monsieur de Féron is dangerously ill, and the doctor has forbidden him to receive visitors," said the man.

"And Mademoiselle Mathilde?" faltered De Beaurepaire.

"She has been married more than three years, sir, to Monsieur Le Moine, the Juge-de-Paix. Ah, sir!" he added, at last recognising the major, "we heard that you were killed in Egypt."

"Is Madame Le Moine living in Marseilles?" he asked, with a tremendous effort to appear calm. The man hesitated. "Five days ago, sir, she died. She was buried yesterday at St. Gervais."

De Beaurepaire heard him finish the sentence, and then fell senseless to the earth.

When he recovered, he found himself stretched on a couch, in a room he well remembered. He lay there pale, motionless, and full of thought—not indulging in vague, useless repinings, but evidently absorbed in the arrangement of some plan—for many hours after the domestics summoned to his assistance had been dismissed.

In the evening he left the house, and directing his steps towards the church of St. Gervais, ascertained from the beadle the name of the cemetery in which Madame Le Moine had been buried. The same night he roused up the guardian of the cemetery, and offered him 2,000 francs to open the coffin of the deceased lady, and allow him to gaze for five minutes on her features. The sum was tempting, but the man was either scrupulous or fearful; he hesitated for a long time. Eugène's tears and passionate entreaties, added to the sight of the money, finally prevailed, and armed with spade, pickaxe and lantern, the pair set out on their strange errand.

It was a bright moonlight night. Not a word was exchanged on

either side. De Beaurepaire's thoughts had travelled back to that night when the same bright orb which now guided him and his companion through the mazy windings of the cemetery, had witnessed the chaste vows of the two lovers beneath the fragrant orange tree. The gravedigger silently pointed out a newly raised mound. Silently yet vigorously they both set to work, and in an incredibly short space of time lifted the coffin on to the green sward beside the grave. With a few blows of the mallet and chisel the lid flew open, and the pale moonlight gleamed on the ashy countenance of the corpse. De Beaurepaire fell on his knees beside it, and raising it in his arms, gazed down sadly on that loved countenance. Suddenly the memory of their last parting, of her last words, flashed across his bewildered brain, and winding his arms around her, he pressed upon her dead lips that kiss which she had fondly said would recall her to life. The next instant he was seized with a fit of trembling, then starting up, still holding the corpse in his arms, he fled away over the tombs with a cry that thrilled through the heart of his terrified companion.

The gravedigger started in pursuit, but De Beaurepaire, in spite of his heavy burden, ran with such supernatural swiftness, besides being favored by the inequalities of the ground, that he was soon lost to view. All that his unhappy accomplice could do was to return to the grave—horror-stricken at his crime—replace the coffin, and remove, as far as possible, every trace of the sacrilege. He then went home and awaited what daylight might bring forth, with feelings far from enviable. But the next day came; weeks, months, years rolled on, and nothing occurred to justify the grave apprehensions he felt for the result of that memorable night's work.

At regular intervals, the widower, Monsieur Le Moine, came to pray over his wife's grave, and to hang garlands on her tomb. At such times he was stealthily but curiously watched by the gravedigger, who remembered with certain qualms of remorse and apprehension, that the mourner was weeping over an empty coffin.

Five years afterwards, namely, in the year 1806, the gravedigger lay upon his deathbed. The doctor informed him that any worldly affairs requiring his attention had better be dispatched forthwith. The heaviest sin upon his conscience was that midnight robbery of the churchyard, and of this he resolved to ease himself at once, by disclosing the whole affair to the injured widower. Unfortunately he died before his statement could be reduced to writing; and with him almost all hope of bringing his accomplice to justice.

Monsieur Le Moine, however, placed the affair in the hands of the police, and their first step was to verify the dying man's confession. The grave was opened, and the coffin found empty. They next ascertained from the beadle of St. Gervais that Major de Beaurepaire—whom he knew well by sight—had made particular inquiries some five years previously, about the burial place of Madame Le Moine. The description given by the gravedigger of his companion corresponded in every respect with the personal appearance of that officer; and it was moreover well known in Marseilles that he had been deeply attached to the deceased lady.

The police thought they had a clue. The next thing was to ascertain the movements of the major. The date of his return from England was produced at the War Office—the 13th of August, 1803, just eight days before the perpetration of the sacrilege. He had subsequently been ordered to Italy; the day of his departure was duly recorded, and from minute inquiries set on foot, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that he was then accompanied by a lady closely veiled. Finally he was traced to Strasbourg, where he was then living openly with a lady who passed as Madame de Beaurepaire, and this person unquestionably bore a striking likeness to the deceased Madame Le Moine.



Resuscitation of Madame Le Moine.



The cause came before the tribunals, and the novelty of the case excited universal attention. Madame de Beaupaire had to appear and answer any questions that might be put to her. When confronted with Monsieur Le Moine, she appeared astounded at the assertions of that gentleman. Monsieur de Féron, who was summoned from Marseilles, was so struck by the extraordinary resemblance to his daughter, that he burst into tears; but as the lady, instead of evincing any corresponding emotion, surveyed him with a look of cold surprise, he was too bewildered to express an opinion either way. Papers were produced, setting forth that Madame de Beaupaire was the child of French parents long settled in Canada; that after their death, she had been sent by her friends to England, where Major de Beaupaire, at that time a prisoner on parole, had married her. The documentary evidence appeared satisfactory. At all events Monsieur Le Moine made no attempt to invalidate it; possibly because any effort in that direction would have been nugatory so long as hostilities continued between France and England.

On the other hand several inhabitants of Marseilles, who had known Madame Le Moine previous to, and subsequent to her marriage, swore to her identity. Her husband—certainly the least likely to be mistaken—never once wavered in his belief that Madame de Beaupaire and his supposed deceased wife were one and the same person. Pamphlets were exchanged between members of the faculty to prove that the supposed death might have been a case of lethargy; but the hours were reckoned in which Madame Le Moine must have existed in this state, and it appeared that no instance of so prolonged a trance could be adduced. Major de Beaupaire contented himself with saying very little; and if pressed upon the subject, candidly acknowledged that when he first made his wife's acquaintance, he was attracted by a resemblance—perhaps more fanciful than real—to the young lady he had known some years before at Marseilles.

The pleadings terminated on both sides, and the day fixed for the final judgment of the case arrived. No one doubted which way the verdict would go, nor that Monsieur Le Moine would be baffled in his strange pursuit of another man's wife. This gentleman, however, as the sequel will show, by no means despaired even then of establishing his claim.

The court was crowded. All the members of the tribunal were assembled, when Monsieur Le Moine, leading a little girl by the hand, quietly threaded his way towards a table in the centre of the hall, where Madame de Beaupaire sat, her face buried in her hands. A little hand gently pulled hers away, and a little voice said sadly:

"Do not leave me again, mamma!"

Madame de Beaupaire gave the child a bewildered look, then throwing her arms round it, burst into a passion of tears. The mother's heart had conquered.

From that moment the counsel retained on behalf of Major de Beaupaire felt that his cause was lost, and wound up a most eloquent speech with an appeal addressed rather to the compassion, than to the sense of justice of the tribunal.

The sentence of the court condemned Madame Le Moine—née Féron—to return to her first husband.

On the evening of her return she died very suddenly, it was generally supposed at the time from the effects of poison.

Major de Beaupaire fell at Vittoria.

#### NEWS, SCRAPS AND ITEMS.

The amount of legal tender notes printed for the Government to date is \$125,000,000, and of these \$100,000,000 are in circulation.

The citizens of San Francisco have raised \$100,000 for the relief of the sick and wounded of the National army and navy, and remitted it to the United States Sanitary Committee. Dr. Bellows, President of the Committee, in acknowledging the contribution, wrote:

"Your magnificent contribution will electrify the country! Thanks to God and to San Francisco for such unparalleled generosity. We shall make a suitable distribution of your bounty. It will be staunching wounds and cooling fevered lips before this reaches you! On the strength of it, I telegraph our agents constantly to spare nothing on the battlefields of Maryland and Virginia, where we are disbursing hospital stores at the rate of five army loads per day."

The following is the official report of our loss in Sumner's Corps at the battle of Antietam:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Richardson's division.....	212	899	24
Sedgwick's division.....	355	1577	321
French's division.....	393	1321	203
	960	3797	548

Total loss in Sumner's Corps.....5,385.

The losses in missing may be somewhat reduced by the stragglers returning.

Gov. CURTIN, of Penn., has issued a Proclamation discharging the volunteers under his call from the service of the State.

A FORCE of rebels, said to number 6,000, was defeated on the 20th inst. at Shelby's Ford, Mo., about 10 miles north-west of Carthage, by the 3d Indiana regiment, commanded by Col. Ritchie. The rebels lost from 60 to 90 killed.

A JEWELLER exhibits in the World's Fair at London a most accurate portrait of the Queen, composed of distinct brilliants, almost as fine as diamond dust, and of which more than 2,000 are required to complete the likeness, small as it is. Another jeweller contributes a necklace of diamonds worth nearly half a million of dollars.

The United States *Economist* estimates that there is fully \$1,600,000,000 more specie in the United States than there was two years ago.

THERE is a young man in the army, who was born July 4, 1844, at 4 o'clock P. M., at No. 44 in a street in Boston, a 4th child, has 4 names, enlisted in a company which has joined the 4th battalion, 4th regiment, 4th company, and on the 4th of September was appointed 4th corporal, and is now going forth to defend his country.

The Application of Steam Photograph is a new American invention. Mr. Charles Fontayne, of Cincinnati, has perfected a machine for printing photographs from the negative at the rate of 2,500 to 12,000 impressions an hour, according to their size. This opens a field to photography hitherto impracticable, in consequence of the time and expense of printing as ordinarily practised. The illustrations for a book, having all the perfection for a photograph, may be turned out, by the use of this machine, with a rapidity wholly undreamed of, either in plate printing or lithography. The expense of engraving may be dispensed with, and the negative come direct from the artist's hands, drawn upon a prepared glass, from which, in the course of a few hours, the plates for a large edition may be printed, each one a perfect duplicate of the original drawing.

ENGLAND has paid simply in interest money on her national debt, during the last 169 years, hard cash to the enormous amount of \$2,130,882,179, or more than ten and a half thousand million dollars.

AN army correspondent in South-western Missouri describes an enormous wild grapevine found on the banks of White river: "The wild grape is very abundant here, showing the natural adaptation of this region for vineyards. At one place we found an immense grapevine, reaching from the ground some 30 feet to the branches of a tall tree, and having been cut by some of the passing soldiers, it was bleeding its sap away in so rapid a manner as to make a pool at its roots. Some of us held our cups and caught a draught of the flowing sap, which tasted like pure water, with a slight astringent effect upon the mouth. It was not an unpleasant drink. The grapevine would probably measure 18 inches or two feet in circumference."

THE 14th regiment of Brooklyn is one of those baptised in fire and blood; wherever the hardest fighting was this gallant regiment was to be found, from the first Bull Run to the battle of Antietam, when it only numbered 85 men, led by their gallant Major De Bevoise. Here also a few of its devoted patriots fell. The few remaining heroes of this noble band may well be proud of their regiment. On May 13, 1861, it marched out of Brooklyn 1,000 strong, full of hope and patriotism, and composed of the best material of the City of Churches.

#### WAR NEWS.

##### Expedition to Ashby's Gap.

COL. F. B. PRICE, of the 2d Pennsylvania cavalry, commanding a brigade of cavalry and two pieces of artillery, made a reconnaissance on Sept. 20th, from our front on the Virginia side of the Potomac, as far as Ashby's Gap of the Blue Ridge, which he found occupied by the 6th regiment of Virginia cavalry, under Lieut.-Col. Green. A brief skirmish ensued, resulting in the dispersion of the enemy with the loss of four killed and several wounded. Col. Green, two lieutenants and many privates were taken prisoners.

##### Capture of a Prize.

On the 9th of September the U. S. bark *Brazillero*, Acting-Master M. V. Gillespie commanding, captured the schooner *Defiance*, of Nassau, in Sabalo Sound, while attempting to run the blockade. Her cargo consisted of salt, kerosine oil, bark, etc. She also had 96 boxes containing cases of gin. The crew of the *Defiance* will be sent North on the first opportunity. They are all said to be citizens of the rebel States, and engaged in the business of running the blockade.

##### Capture of Artillery.

On Thursday evening, Sept. 25, the 62d Pennsylvania, with a section of the 1st New York artillery and Griffin's brigade, crossed at a ford near Sheperdstown and took 400 rifles, marked "London, 1852"—some of the contraband weapons, no doubt—and one 12-pounder rifled brass gun. Another expedition of the 5th New York captured five brass guns.

##### Capture of a British Schooner.

On the afternoon of Sept. 9, in latitude 28 deg., longitude 94 deg. 10 min., the Connecticut captured the English schooner *Rambler*. She had run the blockade at Sabine Pass, Texas, and was bound to Havana heavily laden with cotton. Among the papers found on board was a memorandum in writing, directing the Captain of the *Rambler* to sell the cotton at Havana, and with the proceeds of the sale to purchase powder, medicines, army shoes, and other contraband articles, and without delay to return to Sabine Pass.

#### PERSONAL.

THE President has promoted Brig.-Gen. Robert Schenck to be a Major-General of volunteers. The people of his district have nominated him for Congress, to run against Vallandigham.

DR. BROWN, of the Bloomingdale Asylum, has just returned from Paris, where he has visited the Lunatic Asylums and the establishments for the treatment of mental diseases.

GEN. CASSIUS M. CLAY has definitively abandoned all idea of returning to Russia, and will serve his country unconditionally in the field, wherever the Commander-in-Chief may send him.

THE poet W. H. C. Hosmer, of Avon, has joined Barnes's rifle battery. Mr. Hosmer has a son in the army, another in the navy.

COL. CALVIN E. PRATT, of the 31st New York regiment, Slocum's Division, has been appointed Brig.-Gen. for gallant conduct at West Point, Galena's Mill and South Mountain.

PARSON BROWNLOW publishes a card in the Cincinnati papers announcing that a Felix A. Reeve, late of East Tennessee, has been appointed Colonel of a regiment to be raised for special service in the region of Cumberland Gap, and recommending him to the public. The parson wants the loyal East Tennesseans now scattered throughout the North to join this regiment and drive the foe from their homes, and will most cheerfully furnish any one with information on the subject, should he be requested to do so, either personally or by letter. His post-office address is Cincinnati.

MR. CAMERON, our Minister to Russia, is expected home in a few days. He comes on leave obtained by Cassius M. Clay. It is understood Mr. Cameron wishes to look over the Senatorial field in Pennsylvania, with a view to lay the ropes for his election to the Senate.

Gov. SEYMOUR was serenaded at his residence in Utica on Saturday evening, Sept. 20, by over a thousand of his fellow-citizens, accompanied by two bands of music. In response, he made an excellent speech suitable to the occasion and the condition of the country.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Frankfort, under date of the 8th inst., alludes to American celebrities new in Europe in these words:

"The Hon. Townsend Harris, well known as the United States Ambassador in Japan, and who concluded the first commercial treaty between the two countries, has just passed through this city on his way from Paris to Berlin. The Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, of New York, one of the most eloquent preachers of the Universalist Church of the United States, paid a visit yesterday to the American Consulate-General here. Dr. Chapin is known on this side of the ocean from the circumstance that 12 years ago he participated in the Peace Congress, held in this city, as one of the American delegates, and delivered a very able sermon in St. Paul's church, the place of meeting of the first German Parliament. Dr. Chapin intends to pass the winter in Frankfort, after he has visited the different industrial and scientific exhibitions which will be held in Germany in the course of the two next months. For the latter purpose also Mr. Fred. Knapp, a well known lawyer of New York, is at present travelling in Europe."

HON. PAUL J. WHEELER, of Newport, N.H., cashier of the Sugar River Bank, died on the 20th inst., at his residence in that town, at the age of 42 years. He was the late Union candidate for Governor of New Hampshire.

GEN. JOE JOHNSTON.—The report that the rebel Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had died of his wounds is contradicted by the following note from "Dixie" to the *Greensboro Appeal*, dated Richmond, the 8th ult.: "Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was at church yesterday, looking marvellously well. There is a rumor that he will be sent to take command of Bragg's army in a few days. I merely give you the rumor, without comment as to its probability."

SURGEON CLYMER, whose duty it is to examine and report on wounded and sick officers, reports Col. Berdan, of the Sharpshooters, as "now under medical treatment in this city for hemoptysis, consequent upon a contusion received on the 30th ult., in the line of his duty," and further, "that this most valuable officer cannot resign, at present, his command, without risk to his life, and is wholly unfit for any duty." The Colonel remained on duty after he was wounded, which greatly increased his present hemorrhage. Dr. Clymer attends this case in person, and Col. Berdan, therefore, has the best medical advice and attendance.

MR. LANDER, of Salem, Mass., father of the late Gen. Lander, and of Miss Lander, the sculptress, died a few days since of heart disease. He was upward of 70 years of age, and was a citizen universally esteemed.

MR. COLE, the Mayor of Frederick City, Maryland, has earned golden opinions by his kindness and attention to our wounded now in the hospitals there. To relieve the anxiety of a person who has a son a perfect stranger to him, but wounded, he went personally to 17 hospitals, to ascertain his whereabouts. Such men are an honor to human nature.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

LONDON ART JOURNAL. *Virtue & Co., 26 John street.* The number of this first-class art journal for September, apart from its supplement illustrative of the International Exhibition, contains a fine steel engraving by Brandard, from Turner's celebrated "Grand Canal of Venice," and another by Cousen, from Jacob Thompson's "Signal," a delicious view in the Scotch Highlands. It contains also the usual complement of wood engravings and art matter. Altogether a splendid number.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF NEGROES IN THE AMERICAN ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION, by GEORGE H. MOORE, Librarian of the Historical Society of New York. C. T. Evans, 532 Broadway.

Mr. Moore, to whose exertions the country is chiefly indebted for the present establishment of that splendid foundation, the Historical Society of New York, has done a good service in bringing out this brochure, at a time when the question of employing negroes in the National service has become one of real and practical importance. It shows that however squeamish or prejudiced we may be at this day on this point, nothing of the sort existed at the period of the Revolution, when negroes, slave and free, were encouraged to join the patriotic armies—not alone in the North but in the South. The question whether this war is so much hotter and loftier than that of the Independence, as to prohibit negroes from participating in it, is precisely that which this pamphlet is likely to raise in every reflecting mind. Mr. Moore treats the whole subject in a dispassionate and purely historical sense, but the lesson which his pamphlet teaches, deduced from the records of the past, is clear and should not be overlooked or forgotten.

#### SUMMER.

Lo! lazy Summer, swarthy, in the sun  
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,  
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and dun,  
Where splendors into dusky splendors run,  
And sultry glory all the heaven o'erruns.

Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn.  
Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves;  
Since, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn,  
Came flashing through the east the regal morn,  
No throated twitterings gurgled round the eaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;  
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;  
The quaint farm gables in the rich light shine,  
And round them jumbled hon. yuckles twine,  
And close beside them sunflowers burn and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lay me down,  
And into visions swarms the mated air;  
Gleams up before me many a famous town,  
Pillared and crested with a regal crown,  
Outshimmering in an orient purple glare;

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—  
Babel and Babylon—A sea of slow streams  
Gliding by mosque and minaret—see the gleams  
Of seas in sunset—slips of straits,  
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings  
Of silken courtyards—through half open doors  
Catch the spice odors, and the cool of springs  
Leaping for ever in a maze of wings,  
See light forms dancing over pearly floors!

Sl. eping aeraglion, spire, and tremulous dome  
Winking and drowsy splendor all the day—  
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam—  
See thirsty panthers splashed in bloody foam  
Leap terribly as lightnings on their prey;

Or stand with Cortez on a mountain peak  
Above the Aztec city—see unrolled  
Gem-threaded shores of Montezuma weak;  
See the white temples swarming thick and sleek,  
And sunny streets stretch up by towers of gold;

See silken sails float by, ambrosial,  
Laden with spices, up a Persian glen;  
Or stand on Lebanon, 'mid the cedars tall,  
Or hear the soft and silver fall  
Of water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,  
And voices 'mid the haycocks in the glen;  
The sun is setting; and the crimson seas  
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,  
And all the busy world is up again!

## AURORA FLOYD.

### CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

THE village surgeon having done his duty, prepared to leave the crowded little room, where the gaping servants still lingered, as if loth to tear themselves away from the ghastly figure of the dead man, over which Mr. Morton had spread a patchwork coverlet, taken from the bed in the chamber above. The Soffy had looked on quietly enough at the dismal scene, watching the faces of the small assembly, and glancing furtively from one to another beneath the shadow of his bushy red eyebrows. His haggard face, always of a sickly white, seemed to-night no more colorless than usual. His slow whispering tones were not more suppressed than they always were. If he had a haggard manner and a furtive glance, the manner and the glance were both common to him. No one looked at him; no one heeded him. After the first question as to the hour at which the trainer left the lodge had been asked and answered, no one spoke to him. If he got in anybody's way, he was pushed aside; if he said anything, nobody listened to him. The dead man was the sole monarch of that dismal scene. It was to him they looked with awe-stricken glances; it was of him they spoke in subdued whispers. All their questions, their suggestions, their conjectures were about him, and him alone. There is this to be observed in the physiology of every murder—that before the coroner's inquest the sole object of public curiosity is the murdered man; while immediately after that judicial investigation the tide of feeling turns, the dead man is buried and forgotten, and the suspected murderer becomes the hero of men's morbid imaginations.

John Mellish looked in at the door of the cottage to ask a few questions.

"Have you found anything, Dork?" he asked.

"Nothing particular, sir."

"Nothing that throws any light upon this business?"

"No, sir."

"You are going home, then, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I must be going back now; if you'll leave some one here to watch—"

"Yes, yes," said John; "one of the servants shall stay."

"Very well, then, sir; I'll just take the names of the witnesses that'll be examined at the inquest, and I'll go over and see the coroner early to-morrow morning."

"The witnesses; ah, to be sure. Who will you want?"

Mr. Dork hesitated for a moment, rubbing the bristles upon his chin.

"Well, there's this man here, Hargraves, I think you called him," he said presently, "we shall want him; for it seems he was the last that saw the deceased alive, leastways as I can hear on yet; then we shall want the gentleman as found the body, and the young man as was with him when he heard the shot; the gentleman as found the body is the most particular of all, and I'll speak to him at once."

John Mellish turned round, fully expecting to see Mr. Prodder at his elbow, where he had been some time before. John had a perfect recollection of seeing the loosely-clad seafaring figure standing behind him in the moonlight; but in the terrible confusion of his mind he could not remember when it was that he had last seen the sailor. It might have been only five minutes before; it might have been a quarter of an hour. John's ideas of time were annihilated by the horror of the catastrophe which had marked this night with the red brand of murder. It seemed to him as if he had been standing for hours in the little cottage garden, with Reginald Lofthouse by his side, listening to the low hum of the voices in the crowded room, and waiting to see the end of the dreary business.

Mr. Dork looked about him in the moonlight, entirely bewildered by the disappearance of Samuel Prodder.

"Why, where on earth has he gone?" exclaimed the constable.

"We must have him before the coroner. What'll Mr. Haywood say to me for letting him slip through my fingers?"

"The man was here a quarter of an hour ago, so he can't be very far off," suggested Mr. Lofthouse. "Does anybody know who he is?"

No; nobody knew anything about him. He had appeared as mysteriously as if he had risen from the earth, to bring terror and confusion upon it with the evil tidings which he bore. Stay; some one suddenly remembered that he had been accompanied by Bill Jarvis, the young man from the Reinder, and that he had ordered the young man to drive his trap to the north gates, and wait for him there.

The constable ran to the gates on receiving this information, but there was no vestige of the horse and gig, or of the young man.



Samuel Prodder had evidently taken advantage of the confusion, and had driven off the gig under cover of the general bewilderment. "I'll tell you what I'll do, sir," said William Dork, addressing Mr. Mellish. "If you'll lend me a horse and trap, I'll drive into Doncaster, and see if this man's to be found at the Reindeer. We must have him for a witness."

John Mellish assented to this arrangement. He left one of the grooms to keep watch in the death chamber, in company with Stephen Hargraves the Soffy; and, after bidding the surgeon good night, walked slowly homewards with his friends. The church-clock was striking twelve as the three gentlemen left the wood, and passed through the little iron gateway on to the lawn.

"We had better not tell the ladies more than we are obliged to tell them about this business," said John Mellish, as they approached the house, where the lights were still burning in the hall and drawing-room; "we shall only agitate them by letting them know the worst."

"To be sure, to be sure, my boy," answered the colonel. "My poor little Maggie always cries if she hears of anything of this kind; and Lofthouse is almost as big a baby," added the soldier, glancing rather contemptuously at his son-in-law, who had not spoken once during that homeward walk.

John Mellish thought very little of the strange disappearance of Captain Prodder. The man had objected to be summoned as a witness perhaps, and had gone. It was only natural. He did not even know his name; he only knew him as the mouthpiece of evil tidings, which had shaken him to the very soul. That this man Conyers—this man of all others, this man towards whom he had conceived a deeply rooted aversion, an unspoken horror—should have perished mysteriously by an unknown hand, was an event so strange and appalling as to deprive him for a time of all power of thought, of capability of reasoning. Who had killed this man—this penniless, good-for-nothing trainer? Who could have had any motive for such a deed? Who? The cold sweat broke out upon his brow in the anguish of the thought.

Who had done this deed? It was not the work of any poacher. No. It was very well for Col. Maddison, in his ignorance of antecedent facts, to account for it in that manner; but John Mellish knew that he was wrong. James Conyers had only been at the Park a week. He had had neither time nor opportunity for making himself obnoxious; and, beyond that, he was not the man to make himself obnoxious. He was a selfish, indolent rascal, who only loved his own ease, and who would have allowed the young partridges to be wired under his very nose. Who, then, had done this deed?

There was only one person who had any motive for wishing to be rid of this man. One person who, made desperate by some great despair, enmeshed perhaps by some net hellishly contrived by a villain, hopeless of any means of extrication, in a moment of madness, might have—No! In the face of every evidence that earth could offer—against reason, against hearing, eyesight, judgment and memory—he would say, as he said now, No! She was innocent! She was innocent! She had looked in her husband's face, the clear light had shone from her luminous eyes, a stream of electric radiance penetrating straight to his heart—and he had trusted her.

"I'll trust her at the worst," he thought. "If all living creatures upon this wide earth joined their voices in one great cry of upbraiding, I'd stand by her to the very end, and defy them."

Aurora and Mrs. Lofthouse had fallen asleep upon opposite sofas; Mrs. Powell was walking softly up and down the long drawing-room, waiting and watching—waiting for a fuller knowledge of this ruin which had come upon her employer's household.

Mrs. Mellish sprang up suddenly at the sound of her husband's step as he entered the drawing-room.

"Oh, John," she cried, running to him and laying her hands upon his broad shoulders, "thank Heaven you are come back! Now tell me all. Tell me all, John. I am prepared to hear anything, no matter what. This is no ordinary accident. The man who was—"

Her eyes dilated as she looked at him, with a glance of intelligence that plainly said, "I can guess what has happened."

"The man was very seriously hurt, Lolly," her husband answered, quietly.

"What man?"

"The trainer recommended to me by John Pastern."

She looked at him for a few moments in silence.

"He is dead?" she said, after that brief pause.

"He is."

Her head sank forward upon her breast, and she walked away, quietly returning to the sofa from which she had arisen.

"I am very sorry for him," she said; "he was not a good man. I am sorry he was not allowed time to repent of his wickedness."

"You knew him then?" asked Mrs. Lofthouse, who had expressed unbounded consternation at the trainer's death.

"Yes; he was in my father's service some years ago."

Mr. Lofthouse's carriage had been waiting ever since 11 o'clock, and the rector's wife was only too glad to bid her friends good night, and to drive away from Mellish Park and its fatal associations; so, though Col. Maddison would have preferred stopping to smoke another cheroot while he discussed the business with John Mellish, he was fain to submit to feminine authority and take his seat by his daughter's side in the comfortable landau, which was an open or a close carriage as the convenience of its proprietor dictated.

The vehicle rolled away upon the smooth carriage-drive; the servants closed the hall-doors and lingered about, whispering to each other, in little groups in the corridors and on the staircases, waiting until their master and mistress should have retired for the night. It was difficult to think that the business of life was to go on just the same though a murder had been done upon the outskirts of the Park, and even the housekeeper, a severe matron at ordinary times, yielded to the common influence, and forgot to drive the maids to their dormitories in the gabled roof.

All was very quiet in the drawing-room, where the visitors had left their host and hostess to hug those ugly skeletons which are put away in the presence of company. John Mellish walked slowly up and down the room. Aurora sat staring vacantly at the guttering wax candles in the old-fashioned silver branches, and Mrs. Powell, with her embroidery in full working order, threaded her needles and stitched away the fragments of her delicate cotton as carefully as if there had been no such thing as crime or trouble in the world, and no higher purpose in life than the achievement of elaborate devices upon French cambric.

She paused now and then to utter some polite commonplace. She regretted such an unpleasant catastrophe; she lamented the disagreeable circumstances of the trainer's death; indeed, she in a manner inferred that Mr. Conyers had shown himself wanting in good taste and respect for his employer by the mode of his death; but the point to which she recurred most frequently was the fact of Aurora's presence in the grounds at the time of the murder.

"I so much regret that you should have been out of doors at the time, my dear Mrs. Mellish," she said; "and, as I should imagine, from the direction which you took on leaving the house, actually near the place where the unfortunate person met his death. It will be so unpleasant for you to have to appear at the inquest."

"Appear at the inquest!" cried John Mellish, stopping suddenly, and turning fiercely upon the placid speaker. "Who says that my wife will have to appear at the inquest?"

"I merely imagined it probable that—"

"Then you'd no business to imagine it, ma'am," retorted Mr. Mellish, with no very great show of politeness. "My wife will not appear. Who should ask her to do so? Who should wish her to do so? What has she to do with to-night's business? or what does she know of it more than you or I, or any one else in this house?"

Mrs. Powell shrugged her shoulders.

"I thought that, from Mrs. Mellish's previous knowledge of this unfortunate person, she might be able to throw some light upon his previous habits and associations," she suggested mildly.

"Previous knowledge!" roared John. "What knowledge should Mrs. Mellish have of her father's grooms? What interest should she take in their habits or associations?"

"Stop!" said Aurora, rising, and laying her hand lightly on her husband's shoulder. "My dear, impetuous John, why do you put yourself into a passion about this business? If they choose to call me as a witness, I will tell all I know about this man's death; which is nothing but that I heard a shot fired while I was in the grounds."

She was very pale, but she spoke with a quiet determination, a calm, resolute defiance of the worst that fate could reserve for her.

"I will tell anything that is necessary to tell," she said; "I care very little what."

With her hand still upon her husband's shoulder, she rested her head on his breast, like some weary child nestling in its only safe shelter.

Mrs. Powell rose and gathered together her embroidery in a pretty, lady-like receptacle of fragile wickerwork. She glided to the door, selected her candlestick, and paused on the threshold to bid Mr. and Mrs. Mellish good-night.

"I am sure you must need rest after this terrible affair," she whispered; "so I will take the initiative. It is nearly one o'clock. Good-night."

If she had lived in the Thane of Cawdor's family, she would have wished Macbeth and his wife a good night's rest after Duncan's murder, and would have hoped they would sleep well; she would have curtsied and simpered amidst the tolling of alarm-bells, the clashing of vengeful swords and the blood-bedabbled visages of the drunken grooms. It must have been the Scottish queen's companion who watched with the truckling physician, and played the spy upon her mistress's remorseful wanderings, and told how it was the conscience-stricken lady's habit to do thus and thus; no one but a genteel mercenary would have been so sleepless in the dead hours of the night, lying in wait for the revelation of horrible secrets, the muttered clues to deadly mysteries.

"Thank God, she's gone at last!" cried John Mellish, as the door closed very softly and very slowly upon Mrs. Powell. "I hate that woman, Lolly."

Heaven knows I have never called John Mellish a hero—I have never set him up as a model of manly perfection or infallible virtue; and if he is not faultless, if he has those flaws and blemishes which seem a constituent part of our imperfect clay, I make no apology for him, but trust him to the tender mercies of those who, not being quite perfect themselves, will, I am sure, be merciful to him. He hated those who hated his wife, or did her any wrong, however small. He loved those who loved her. In the great power of his wide affection all self-esteem was annihilated. To love her was to love him, to serve her was to do him treble service, to praise her was to make him vainer than the vainest schoolgirl. He freely took upon his shoulders every debt that she owed, whether of love or hate, and he was ready to pay either species of account to the uttermost farthing, and with no mean interest upon the sum total.

"I hate that woman, Lolly," he repeated, "and I shan't be able to stand her much longer."

Aurora did not answer him. She was silent for some moments, and when she did speak, it was evident that Mrs. Powell was very far away from her thoughts.

"My poor John," she said, in a low, soft voice, whose melancholy tenderness went straight to her husband's heart; "my dear, how happy we were together for a little time! How very happy we were, my poor boy!"

"Always, Lolly," he answered, "always, my darling."

"No, no, no," said Aurora, suddenly; "only for a little while. What a horrible fatality has pursued us—what a frightful curse has clung to me! The curse of disobedience, John—the curse of Heaven upon my disobedience! To think that this man should have been sent here, and that he—"

She stopped, shivering violently, and clinging to the faithful breast that sheltered her.

John Mellish quietly led her to her dressing-room, and placed her in the care of her maid.

"Your mistress has been very much agitated by this night's business," he said to the girl. "Keep her as quiet as you possibly can."

Mrs. Mellish's bedroom, a comfortable and roomy apartment, with a low ceiling and deep bay windows, opened into a morning-room, in which it was John's habit to read the newspapers and sporting periodicals, while his wife wrote letters, drew pencil sketches of dogs and horses, or played with her favorite Bow-wow. They had been very childish, and idle, and happy, in this pretty chintz-hung chamber; and going into it to-night in utter desolation of heart, Mr. Mellish felt his sorrows all the more bitterly for the remembrance of those bygone joys. The shaded lamp was lighted on the morocco-covered writing table, and glimmered softly on the picture-frames, care-ving the pretty modern paintings, the simple, domestic-story pictures which adorned the subdued gray walls.

This wing of the old house had been refurnished for Aurora, and there was not a chair or a table in the room that had not been chosen by John Mellish with a special view to the comfort and the pleasure of his wife. The upholsterer had found him a liberal employer, the painter and the sculptor a noble patron. He had walked about the Royal Academy with a catalogue and a pencil in his hand, choosing all the "pretty" pictures for the beautification of his wife's rooms. A lady in a scarlet riding-habit and three-cornered beaver hat, a white pony and a pack of grayhounds, a bit of stone terrace and sloping turf, a flower-bed and a fountain, made poor John's idea of a pretty picture; and he had half a dozen variations of such familiar subjects in his spacious mansion. He sat down to-night, and looked hopelessly round the pleasant chamber, wondering whether Aurora and he would ever be happy again, wondering if this dark, mysterious, storm-threatening cloud would ever pass from the horizon of his life, and leave the future bright and clear.

"I have not been good enough," he thought; "I have intoxicated myself with my happiness, and have made no return for it. What am I that I should have won the woman I love for my wife, while other men are laying down the best desires of their hearts a willing sacrifice, and going out to fight the battle of their fellow-men? What an indolent, good-for-nothing wretch I have been! How blind, how ungrateful, how undeserving!"

John Mellish buried his face in his broad hands, and repented of the careless, happy life which he had led for one-and-thirty thoughtless years. He had been awakened from his unthinking bliss by a thunder-clap, that had shattered the fairy castle of his happiness, and laid it level with the ground, and in his simple faith he looked into his own life for the cause of the ruin which had overtaken him. Yes, it must be so; he had not deserved his happiness, he had not earned his good fortune.

Have you ever thought of this, ye simple country squires, who

give blankets and beef to your poor neighbors in the cruel winter-time, who are good and gentle masters, faithful husbands and tender fathers, and who lounge away your easy lives in the pleasant places of this beautiful earth? Have you ever thought that, when all your good deeds have been gathered together and set in the balance, the sum of them will be very small when set against the benefits you have received? It will be a very small percentage which you will yield your Master for the ten talents entrusted to your care. Remember John Howard fever-stricken and dying, Mrs. Fry laboring in criminal prisons, Florence Nightingale in the bare hospital chambers, in the close and noxious atmosphere amongst the dead and the dying. These are the people who return cent. per cent. for the gifts entrusted to them. These are the saints whose good deeds shine among the stars for ever and ever; these are the indefatigable workers who, when the toil and turmoil of the day is done, hear the Master's voice in the still even-time welcoming them to His rest.

John Mellish, looking back at his life, humbly acknowledged that it had been a comparatively useless one. He had distributed happiness to the people who had come into his way, but he had never gone out of his way to make people happy. I dare say Dives was a liberal master to his own servants, although he did not trouble himself to look after the beggar who sat at his gates. The Israelite who sought instruction from the lips of inspiration was willing to do his duty to his neighbor, but had yet to learn the broad significance of that familiar epithet; and poor John, like the rich young man, was ready to serve his Master faithfully, but had yet to learn the manner of his service.

"If I could save her from the shadow of sorrow or disgrace, I would start to-morrow, barefoot, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem," he thought. "What is there I would not do for her? what sacrifice would seem too great? what burden too heavy to bear?"

(To be continued.)

## THE ARABIAN HORSE.

THE Emir Abd-el-Kader, in his captivity, still retains his love of the desert, and his devotion to the Arab horse, which he prizes "above rubies." He has written commentaries on Gen. Daumas's "Horses of the Sahara," which are as glowing in description and luxurious in imagery as the stories of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." He concedes that man was created out of the clay; but he claims that the horse was born of the wind. "It is indisputable," he says, "that the Creator said to the south wind, 'Condense thyself,' and the product was the horse, and when the fleet courser appeared, God added, 'Be blessed, children of the wind.'" A noble horse, a true "drinker of the air," he says, should have his eyes look inwards, like those of a man who squints. "His ears should resemble those of an antelope started in the midst of his herd. The cavities within his nostrils should be entirely black; if they are partly black and partly white the creature is of little value. If, when stretching his neck and head to drink of a stream running on a level with the ground, a horse remains well set upon all his limbs, without bending or slanting his forelegs, be sure that he is perfectly proportioned, that all the parts of his body harmonize, and that he is noble."

He glories in the speed of the Arab horse, "the drinker of the wind," and tells us of the famous stallion Aoudj, whose owner, when asked to mention that of him which was extraordinary, replied: "Mounted on Aoudj, I wandered in the desert, and was seized with a violent thirst. By good luck, I met a flock of wild pigeons, evidently flying towards a well. I followed them, and, though holding in my horse as much as possible, I arrived at the water at the same time that they did, without pausing once by the way."

Horses, counsels the Emir, should be treated tenderly, never taxed when going beyond their strength, and reasoned with when vicious, "for horses understand when their masters are pleased or angry." White horses, according to the Emir, are not desirable; for although white is the color of princes, it will not stand heat, out "melts like butter in the sun." Black is lucky, but timid on rocky ground. Sorrel is synonymous with swiftness; "if they tell you of a horse that flies in the air, ask what color he is; if they say sorrel, believe it." "If they tell you that a horse has sprung from a precipice without injuring himself, ask his color; if they tell you bay, believe it."

We are told to suspect horses with long, soft, pendent ears; horses which do not lie down at night; horses which scratch their necks with their hoofs, and others with their several tricks—all signs of inferiority. Insist upon a quick ear and a keen eye. A dull sense of sight is despised in the Barbary wilds: "The lion and the horse disputed as to which could boast the better sight. The lion saw, in a dark night, a white hair in a bowl of milk; the horse, a black hair in a pot of tar. The umpire pronounced in favor of the horse."

It is commonly said that the Arabs of the Sahara do not shoe their horses. This is a mistake. In stony tracts they shoe all four feet; on softer ground the forefeet only are shod. And the craftsman who performs the task is a privileged person. He who makes shoes, for horses or men, pays no taxes; he is exempt from the obligation of hospitality; he shares the booty of an expedition, whether he has taken part in it or not; in battle, if in danger, he has only to fold up the corners of his burnous and imitate the action of the bellows, and his life is safe.

Among the tribes of the desert, for 40 days, from the beginning of August, the horses are allowed to drink only every other day. The same rule is observed for the last 20 days of December and the first 20 days of January. In cold weather rich people provide the horse with as much barley as he can eat; in hot weather his rations are considerably diminished. It is rarely that feeding takes place in the morning; the horse is sustained by the sustenance of the preceding evening, and not on that of the current day.

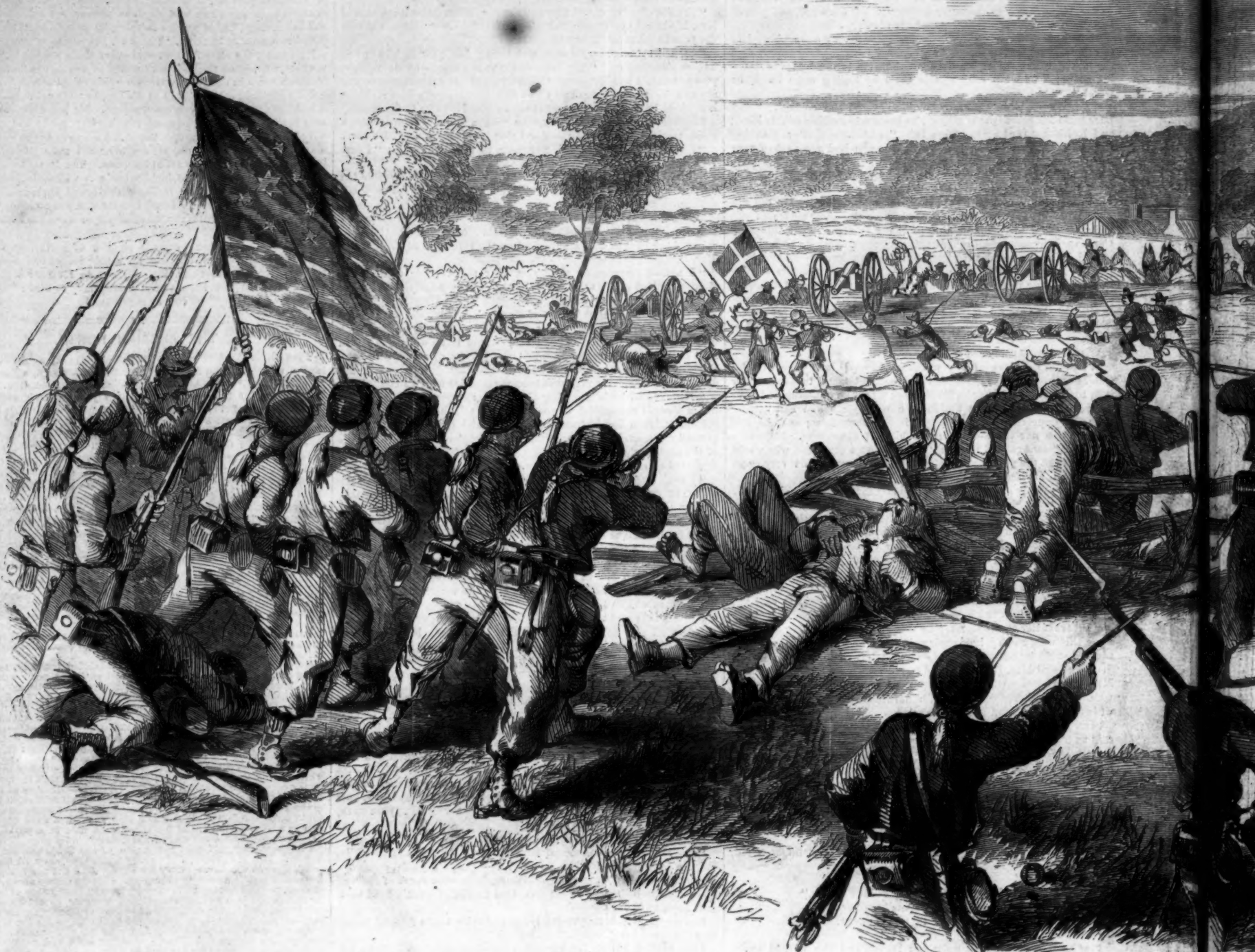
THE death of Color-Sergeant Charles E. Stamp, Company B, 76th New York, is worth a paragraph. He was a private in his regiment up to the 28th of August. In the terrible slaughter of that day, near Gainesville, when the whole regiment seemed to be mowed down, the color-bearer, and with him the colors, were brought to the ground. Stamp rushed forward and rescued the colors amid a storm of bullets and bore them through the rest of the fight. The Colonel immediately promoted him to the rank of Color-Bearer for his good conduct. In the battle of last Sunday afternoon Stamp was proudly bearing his colors in the midst of as thick a shower of the enemy's balls as he had dared in winning them. The regiment had advanced, but was not prompt enough or fast enough in continuing its advance in the face of such frightful obstacles to suit his heroic daring. He marched firmly forward about a rod in advance of his regiment, and, driving his flagstaff down into the earth, he cried, "There, come up to that!" But he made too good a mark. He was instantly killed by a bullet piercing his forehead.

ANOTHER honorable name in the ranks is that of Winfield Scott Carr, a mere boy, not 18, in the 56th Pennsylvania, who was engaged in one of those unequal disastrous fights in the last of August. Night had overtaken his regiment, still unwilling to give way. A movement of the enemy brought the colors of a regiment with their bearer in sight. "There's a d—d rebel," cried the boy, and, taking deliberate aim, shot the Color-Bearer dead on the spot. His Colonel made him Corporal for his gallantry.

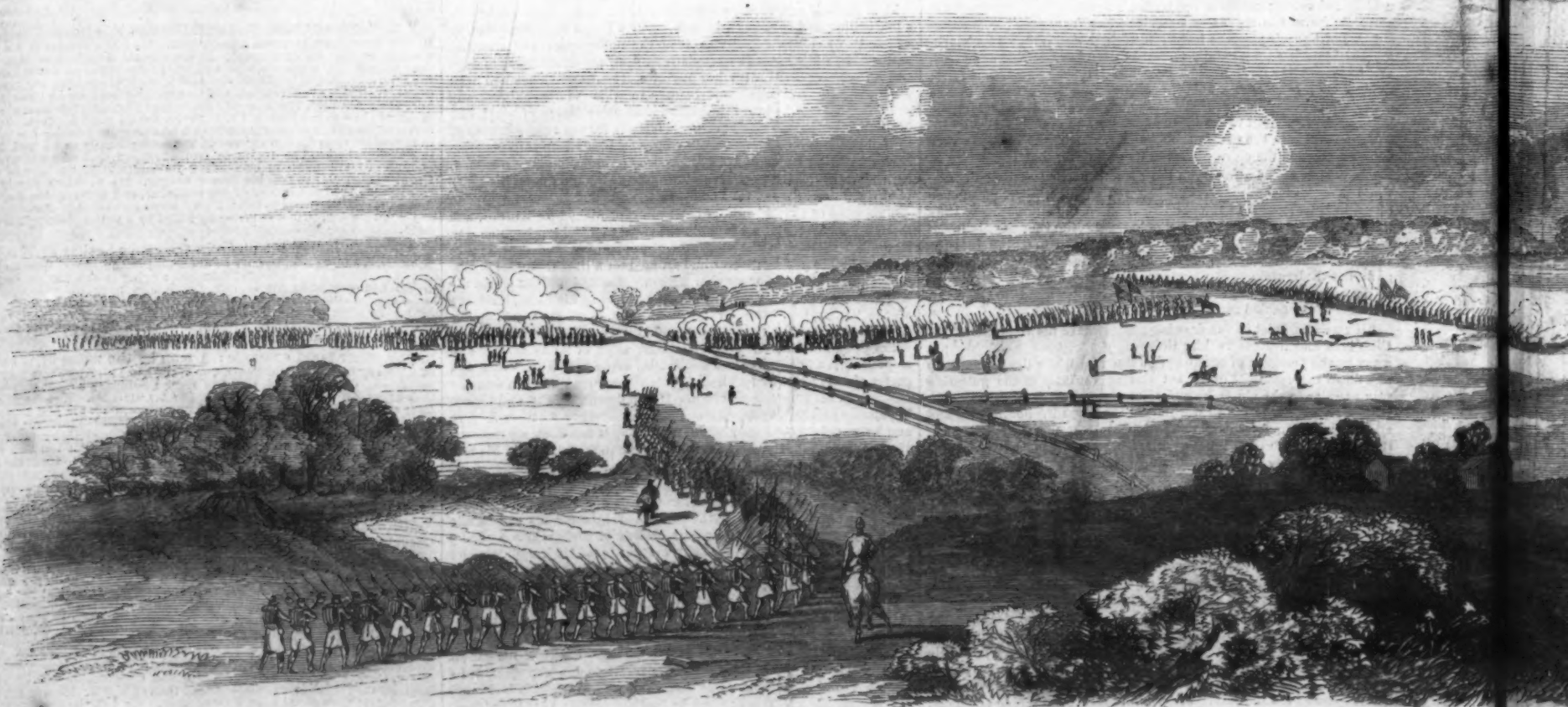
ONE other good example: A man by the name of Weaver, of what regiment I do not know, but of the same division, was mortally wounded. Capt. Halsted, Chief of Gen. Doubleday's Staff, was up all that night, attending to the wounded of his division. Weaver's death-hour coming, Capt. Halsted waited upon him, took his last messages and directions, and wrote a letter to the dying man's mother. He had parents living in Canada. He himself was Canadian by birth, and among his last words he said, sorrowfully: "I heard of the Rebellion, and I came to fight for the Union, and this is my fate." He came from Canada to fight for the Union as a private.

THE rebel Generals were all educated at West Point. Jackson graduated in 1842. He was in the Mexican war, was attached to Magruder's battery, and was breveted Captain for gallant conduct at Contreras and Churubusco, and Major for like conduct at the storming of Chapultepec. He resigned from the army in 1852. He left West Point in 1838, was in the Mexican war, and was made Captain by brevet for meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. D. H. Hill graduated in 1838. He was also breveted Captain for gallant services in the same battles, was with the storming party at the taking of Chapultepec, and for meritorious conduct on that occasion was breveted Major. He resigned in 1849, and was subsequently Professor of Mathematics in Washington College, Lexington, Va. A. P. Hill was West Point in 1842. He rose to the rank of Captain, and then left the army. Longstreet graduated in 1838. He was an adjutant at the commencement of the Mexican war. He distinguished himself at Contreras, Churubusco, El Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, for which he received the brevet first of Captain and then of Major. He was severely wounded in the assault upon Chapultepec. He left the army previous to the breaking out of the rebellion. Thus it seems that these five Generals were educated at the expense of the nation, and received honors under the flag which they afterwards betrayed.





BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—BURNSIDE'S DIVISION, LEFT WING—BRILLIANT AND DECISIVE BAYONET CHARGE OF HAWKINS' ZOUAVES, COLONEL KIMBALL, ON REBEL  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST, N

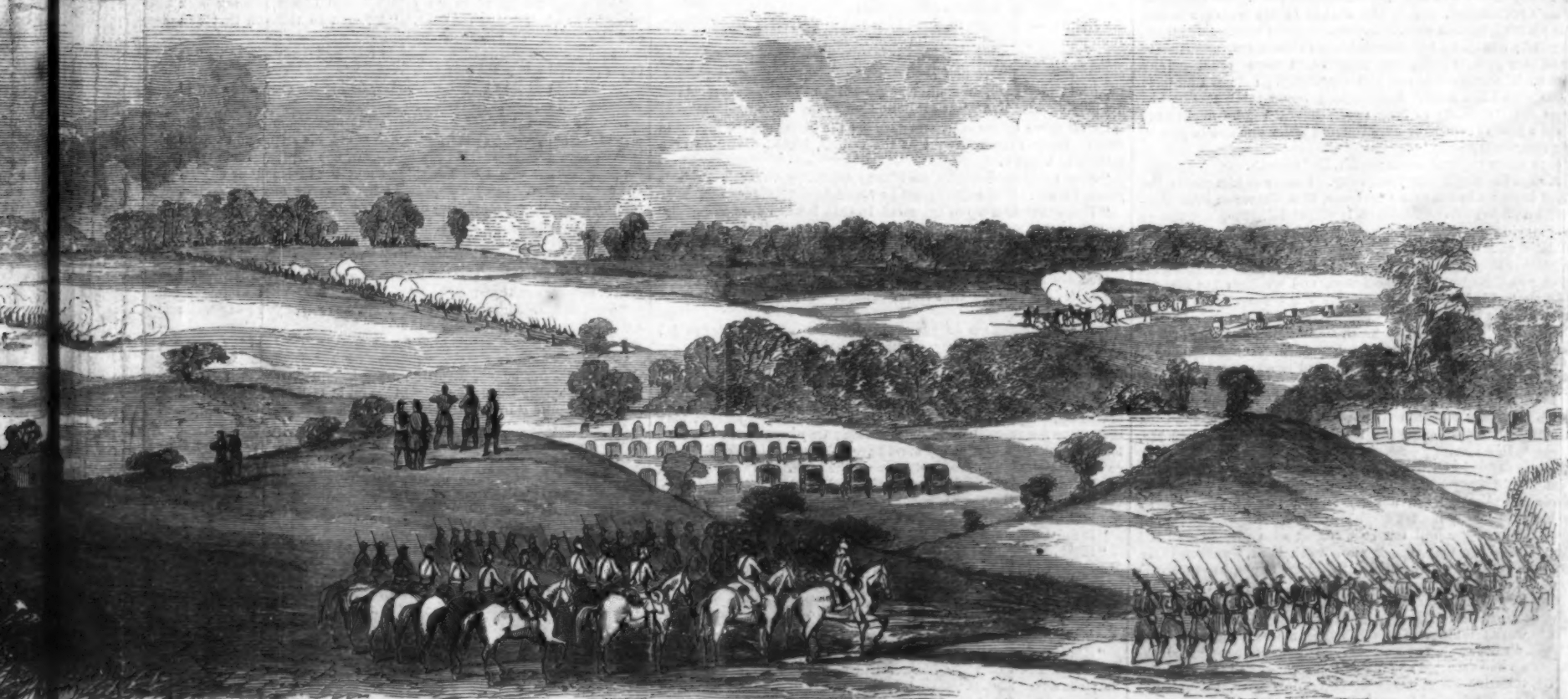


Rebel Battery. Rebels in Woods.  
BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—THE CENTRE AND RIGHT WING OF GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY, COMMANDED BY GENS. HOOKER, SUMNER AND FRANKLIN  
Fire. ED W





ON REBEL BATTERY ON THE HILL, RIGHT BANK OF THE ANTIETAM CREEK, NEAR SHARPSBURG, ON THE AFTERNOON, OF SEPT. 17—UTTER ROUT OF THE REBELS  
OUR ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.



Rebel Battery.  
FIRE, WITH THE REBEL ARMY, LED BY GEN. LONGSTREET, JACKSON AND LEE, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES



## SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!  
Far down yon western steep,  
Sink, sink in silver light!  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light!  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!  
Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch, while in alumbers light  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!—H. W. Longfellow.

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNN."

## CHAPTER XIII.—THE REVELATION TO LADY VERNER.

It was a terrible blow, there was no doubt of that; very terrible to Lionel Verner, so proud and so sensitive. Do not take the word proud in its wrong meaning. He did not set himself up for being better than others, or think everybody else dirt beneath his feet; but he was proud of his independence, of his unstained name—he was proud to own that fine place, Verner's Pride. And now Verner's Pride was dashed from him, and his independence seemed to have come out with the blow, and a slight seemed to have fallen upon him, if not upon his name.

He had surely counted upon Verner's Pride. He had believed himself as indisputably its heir as though he had been Stephen Verner's eldest son, and the estate entailed. Never for a moment had a doubt that he would succeed entered his own mind, or been imparted to it from any quarter. In the week that intervened between Mr. Verner's death and burial, he had acted as entire master. It was he who issued orders—from himself now, not from any other—it was he who was appealed to. People, of their own accord, began to call him Mr. Verner. Very peremptory indeed had been a certain interview of his with Roy, the bailiff. Not, as formerly, had he said, "Roy, my uncle desires me to say say so and so;" or "Roy, you must not act in that way; it would displease Mr. Verner;" but he issued his own clear and unmistakable orders as the sole master of Verner's Pride. He and Roy all but came to loggerheads that day; and they would have come quite to it but that Roy remembered that he before whom he stood was his head and master—his master to keep him on, or to discharge him at pleasure, and who would brook no more insubordination to his will. So Roy bowed and eat humble pie, and hated Lionel all the while. Lionel had seen this; he had seen how the man longed to rebel, had he dared, and a flush of pain rose to his brow as he remembered that in that interview he had not been the master; that he was less master now than he had ever been. Roy would likewise remember it.

Mr. Bitterworth took Lionel aside. Sir Rufus Hautley had gone out after the blow had fallen, when the codicil had been searched for in vain—had gone out in anger, shaking the dust from his feet, declining to act as executor, to accept the mourning-ring, to have to do with anything so palpably unjust. The rest lingered yet; it seemed that they could not talk enough of it, could not tire of bringing forth new conjectures, could not give vent to all the phases of their astonishment.

"What could have been your offence that your uncle should alter his will, two years ago, and leave the estate from you?" Mr. Bitterworth inquired of Lionel, drawing him aside.

"I am unable to conjecture," replied Lionel. "I find, by the date of this will, that it was made the week subsequently to my departure for Paris, when Jan met with the accident. He was not displeased with me then, so far as I knew—"

"Did you go to Paris in opposition to his wish?" interrupted Mr. Bitterworth.

"On the contrary, he hurried me off. When the news of Jan's accident arrived, and I went to my uncle with the message, he said to me—I remember his very words—'Go off at once—don't lose an instant'—and he handed me money for the journey and for my stay, for Jan also, should any great expense be needed for him, and in an hour I was away on my route. I stayed six months in Paris, as you may remember—the latter portion of the time for my own pleasure. When I did return I was perfectly thunderstruck at the change in my uncle's appearance, and at the change in his manners to me. He was a bowed, broken man, with—as it seemed to me—something on his mind; and that I had offended him in some very unfortunate way, and to a great extent, was palpable. I never could get any solution to it, though I asked him repeatedly. I do not know to this hour what I had done. Sometimes I would think that he was angry at my remaining so long away; but, if so, he might have given me a hint to return, or have suffered some one else to give it, for he never wrote to me."

"Never wrote to you?" repeated Mr. Bitterworth.

"Not once the whole time I was away. I wrote to him often; but if he had occasion to send me a message, Mrs. Verner or Fred Massingbird would write it. Of course this will, disinheriting me, proves that my staying away could not have been the cause of displeasure—it is dated only the week after I went."

"Whatever may have been the cause, it is a grievous wrong inflicted on you. He was my dear friend, and we have but now returned from laying him in his grave, but still I must speak out my sentiments—that he had no right to deprive you of Verner's Pride."

Lionel knit his brow. That he thought the same; that he was feeling the injustice as a crying and unmerited wrong was but too evident. Mr. Bitterworth had bent his head in a reverie, stealing a glance at Lionel now and then.

"Is there nothing that you can charge your conscience with—no sin which may have come to the knowledge of your uncle, and been deemed by him a just cause for disinheritance?" questioned Mr. Bitterworth, in a meaning tone.

"There is nothing, so help me heaven!" repeated Lionel, with emotion. "No sin, no shame; nothing that could be a cause, or the shade of a cause—I will not say for depriving me of Verner's Pride, but even for my uncle's displeasure."

"It struck me—you will not be offended with me, Lionel, if I mention something that struck me a week back," resumed Mr. Bitterworth. "I am a foolish old man, given to ponder much over cause and effect—to put two and two together, as we call it; and the day I first heard from your uncle that he had good cause—this was what he said—for depriving you of Verner's Pride, I went home, and set to work thinking. The will had been made just after John Massingbird's departure for Australia. I brought before me all the events which had occurred about that same time, and there rose up naturally, towering above every other reminiscence, the unhappy business touching Rachel Frost. Lionel," laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, and dropping his voice to a whisper, "did you lead the girl astray?"

Lionel drew himself up to his full height, his lip curling with displeasure.

"Mr. Bitterworth!"

"To suspect you never would have occurred to me. I do not suspect you now. Were you to tell me that you were guilty of it, I should have difficulty in believing you. But it did occur to me that possibly your uncle may have cast that blame on you. I saw no other solution of the riddle. It could have been no light cause to induce Mr. Verner to deprive you of Verner's Pride. He was not a capricious man."

"It is impossible that my uncle could have cast a shade of suspicion on me, in regard to that affair," said Lionel. "He knew me better. At the moment of its occurrence, when nobody could tell whom to suspect, I remember a word or two were dropped which caused me to assure him I was not the guilty party, and he stepped me. He would not allow me even to speak of defence; he said he cast no suspicion on me."

"Well, it is a great mystery," said Mr. Bitterworth. "You must excuse me, Lionel. I thought Mr. Verner might in some way have taken up the notion. Evil tales, which have no human foundation, are sometimes palmed upon credulous ears for fact, and do their work."

"Were it as you suggest, my uncle would have spoken to me, had it been only to reproach," said Lionel. "It is a mystery, certainly, as you observe; but that's nothing to this mystery of the disappearance of the codicil—"

"I am going, Lionel," interrupted Jan, putting his head round the room door.

"I must go, too," said Lionel, starting from the skelboard against which he had been leaning. "My mother must hear of this business from no one but me."

Verner's Pride emptied itself of its mourners, who betook themselves their respective ways. Lionel, taking the long crape from his hat, and leaving on its deep mourning band alone, walked with a quick step through the village. He would not have chosen to be abroad that day, walking the very route where he had just figured, chief in the procession, but to go without delay to Lady Verner was a duty; and a duty Lionel would never willingly forego.

In the drawing-room at Deerham Court, in their new black dresses, sat Lady Verner and Decima; Lucy Tempest with them. Lady Verner held out her hand to Lionel when he entered, and lifted her face, a strange eagerness visible in its refinement.

"I thought you would come to me, Lionel!" she uttered. "I want to know a hundred things. Decima, have the goodness to direct your reproachful looks elsewhere; not to me. Why should I be a hypocrite, and feign a sorrow for Stephen Verner which I do not feel? I know it is his burial day as well as you know it; but I will not make that a reason for abstaining from questions on family topics, although they do relate to money and means that were once his. I say it would be hypocritical affectation to do so. Lionel, has Jan an interest in Verner's Pride after you, or is it left to you unconditionally? And what residence is appointed for Mrs. Verner?"

Lionel leaned over the table, apparently to reach something that was lying on it, contriving to bring his lips close to Decima. "Go out of the room, and take Lucy," he whispered.

Decima received the hint promptly. She rose as of her own accord. "Lucy, let us leave mamma and Lionel alone. We will come back when your secrets are over," she added, turning round with a smile as she left the room, Lucy with her.

"You don't speak, Lionel," impatiently cried Lady Verner. In truth he did not; he did not know how to begin. He rose, and approached her.

"Mother, can you bear disappointment?" he asked, taking her hand and speaking gently, in spite of his agitation.

"Hush!" interrupted Lady Verner. "If you speak of 'disappointment' to me, you are no true son of mine. You are going to tell me that Stephen Verner has left nothing to me: let me tell you, Lionel, that I would not have accepted it—and this I made known to him. Accept money from him! No. But I will accept it from my dear son—looking at him with a smile—now that he enjoys the revenues of Verner's Pride."

"It was not of money left, or not left, to you, that I was connecting disappointment," answered Lionel. "There's a worse disappointment in store for us than that, mother."

"A worse disappointment!" repeated Lady Verner, looking puzzled. "You are never to be saddled with the presence of Mrs. Verner at Verner's Pride, until her death!" she hastily added. A great disappointment, that would have been; a grievous wrong, in the estimation of Lady Verner.

"Mother dear, Verner's Pride is not mine."

"Not yours!" she slowly said. "He surely has not done as his father did before him?—left it to the younger brother, over the head of the elder! He has never left it to Jan!"

"Neither to Jan nor to me. It is left to Frederick Massingbird. John would have had it, had he been alive."

Lady Verner's delicate features became crimson: before she could speak, they had assumed a leaden color. "Don't play with me, Lionel," she gasped, an awful fear thumping at her heart that he was not playing with her. "It cannot be left to the Massingbirds!"

He sat down by her side, and gave her the history of the matter in detail. Lady Verner caught at the codicil, like a drowning man catches at a straw.

"How could you terrify me?" she asked. "Verner's Pride is yours, Lionel. The codicil must be found."

"The conviction upon my mind is, that it will never be found," he resolutely answered. "Whoever took that codicil from the desk where it was placed could have had but one motive in doing it—the depriving me of Verner's Pride. Rely upon it, it is effectually removed ere this, by burning or otherwise. No, I already look upon the codicil as a thing that never existed. Verner's Pride is gone from us."

"But, Lionel, whom do you suspect? Who can have taken it? It is pretty nearly a hanging matter to steal a will!"

"I do not suspect any one," he emphatically answered. "Mrs. Tynn protests that no one could have approached the desk unseen by her. It is very unlikely that any one would attempt it. They must, first of all, have chosen a moment when my uncle was asleep; they must have got Mrs. Tynn from the room; they must have searched for and found the keys; they must have unlocked the desk, taken the codicil, relocked the desk, and replaced the keys. All this could not be done without time and familiarity with facts. Not a servant in the house, save the Tynns, knew the codicil was there, and they did not know its purport. But the Tynns are thoroughly trustworthy."

"It must have been Mrs. Verner—"

"Hush, mother! I cannot listen to that, even from you. Mrs. Verner was in her bed—never out of it; she knew nothing whatever of the codicil. And, if she had, you will, I hope, do her the justice to believe that she would be incapable of meddling with it."

"She benefits by its loss, at any rate," bitterly rejoined Lady Verner.

"Her son does. But that he does was entirely unknown to her. She never knew that Mr. Verner had willed the estate away from me; she never dreamt but that I, and no other, would be his successor. The accession of Frederick Massingbird is unwelcome to her, rather than the contrary; he has no right to it, and she feels that he has not. In the impulse of the surprise, she said about that

she wished it had been left to me; and I am sure they were her true sentiments."

Lady Verner sat in silence, her white hands crossed on her black dress, her head bent down. Presently she lifted it:

"I do not fully understand you, Lionel. You appear to imply that—according to your belief—no one has touched the codicil. How, then, can it have got out of the desk?"

"There is only one solution. It was suggested by Mr. Bitterworth; and, though I refused credence to it when he spoke, it has since been gaining upon my mind. He thinks my uncle must have repented of the codicil after it was made, and, himself, destroyed it. I should give full belief to this, were it not that at the very last he spoke to me as the successor to Verner's Pride."

"Why did he will it from you at all?" asked Lady Verner.

"I know not. I have told you how estranged his manner has been to me for the last year or two; but, wherefore, or what I had done to displease him, I cannot think or imagine."

"He had no right to will away the estate from you," vehemently uttered Lady Verner. "Was it not enough that he usurped your father's birthright, as Jacob usurped Esau's, keeping you out of it for years and years, but he must now deprive you of it for ever? Had you been dead—had there been any urgent reason why you should not succeed—Jan should have come in. Jan is the lawful heir, falling you. Mark me, Lionel, it will bring no good to Frederick Massingbird. Rights, violently diverted out of their course, can bring only wrong and confusion."

"It would be scarcely fair were it to bring him wrong," spoke Lionel in his strict justice. "Frederick has had nothing to do with the bequeathing it to himself."

"Nonsense, Lionel! you cannot make me believe that no cajolery has been at work from some quarter or other," peevishly answered Lady Verner. "Tell the facts to an impartial person—a stranger. They were always about him—his wife and those Massingbirds—and at the last moment it is discovered that he has left all to them and disinherited you."

"Mother, you are mistaken. What my uncle has done, he has done of his own will alone, unbiased by others; nay, unknown to others. He distinctly stated this to Matias, when the change was made. No, although I am a sufferer, and they benefit, I cannot throw a shade of the wrong upon Mrs. Verner and the Massingbirds."

"I will tell you what I cannot do—and that is, accept your view of the disappearance of the codicil," said Lady Verner. "It does not stand to reason that your uncle would cause a codicil to be made, with all the haste and parade you speak of, only to destroy it afterwards. Depend upon it you are wrong. He never took it."

"It does appear unlikely," acquiesced Lionel. "It was not likely, either, that he would destroy it in secret; he would have done it openly. And still less likely, that he would have addressed me as his successor in dying, and given me charges as to the management of the estate, had he left it away from me."

"No, no; no, no," significantly returned Lady Verner. "The codicil has been stolen, Lionel."

"But, by whom?" he debated. "There's not a servant in the house would do it; and there was no other inmate of it save myself. This is my chief difficulty. Were it not for the total absence of all other suspicion, I should not for a moment entertain the thought that it could have been my uncle. Let us leave the subject, mother. It seems to be an unprofitable one, and my head is weary."

"Are you going to give the codicil tamely up, for a bad job, without further search?" asked Lady Verner. "That I should live—that I should live to see Sibylla West's children inherit Verner's Pride!" she passionately added.

Sibylla West's children! Lionel had enough pain at his heart just then, without that shaft. A piercing shaft, truly, and it dyed his brow fiery red.

"We have searched already in every likely or possible place that we can think of; to-morrow morning places unlikely and impossible will be searched," he said, in answer to his mother's question: "shall be aided by the police; our searching is nothing, compare with what they can do. They go about it artistically, perfected by practice."

"And—if the result should be a failure?"

"It will be a failure," spoke Lionel, in his firm conviction. "In which case I bid adieu to Verner's Pride."

"And come home here; will you not, Lionel?"

"For the present. And now, mother, that I have told you the ill news, and spoiled your rest, I must go back again."

Spoiled her rest! Ay, for many a day and night to come. Lionel disinherited! Verner's Pride gone from them for ever! A cry went forth from Lady Verner's heart. It had been the moment of hope which she had looked forward to for years; and, now that it was come, what had it brought?

"My own troubles make me selfish," said Lionel, turning back when he was half out at the door. "I forgot to tell you that Jan and Decima inherit £500 each."

"Five hundred pounds!" slightly returned Lady Verner. "It is but of a piece with the rest."

He did not add that he had £500 also, failing the estate. It would have seemed worse mockery still.

Looking out at the door, opposite to the ante-room, on the other side of the hall, was Decima. She had heard his step, and came to beckon him in. It was the dining-parlor, but a pretty room still for Lady Verner would have nothing about her inelegant or ugly, if she could help it. Lucy Tempest, in her favorite school attitude was half-kneeling, half-sitting on the rug before the fire; but she rose when Lionel came in.

Decima entwined her arm within his, and led him up to the fire place.

"Did you bring mamma bad news?" she asked. "I thought I read it in your countenance."

"Very bad, Decima. Or I should not have sent you away while I told it."

"I suppose there's nothing left for mamma, or for Jan?"

"Mamma did not expect anything left for her, Decima. Don't go away, Lucy," he added, arresting Lucy Tempest, who, with good taste, was leaving them alone. "Stay and hear how poor I am; all Deerham knows it by this time."

Lucy remained. Decima, her beautiful features a shade paler than usual, turned her serene eyes on Lionel. She little thought what was coming.

"Verner's Pride is left away from me, Decima."

"Left away from you! From you?"

"Frederick Massingbird inherits it. I am passed over."

"Oh, Lionel!" The words were not uttered angrily, passionately as Lady Verner's had been; but in a low, quiet voice, wrung from her, seemingly, by intense inward pain.

"And so there will be some additional trouble for you in the housekeeping line," went on Lionel, speaking gaily, and ignoring all the pain at his heart. "Turned out of Verner's Pride, I must come to you here—at least, for a time. What shall you say to that Miss Lucy?"

Lucy was looking up at him gravely, not smiling in the least. "Is it true that you have lost Verner's Pride?"

"Quite true."

"But I thought it was yours—after Mr. Verner."

"I thought so, too, until to-day," replied Lionel. "It ought to have been."



"What shall you do without it?"

"What, indeed!" he answered. "From being a landed country gentleman—as people have imagined me—I go down to a poor fellow who must work for his bread and cheese before he eats it. Your eyes are laughing, Miss Lucy, but it is true."

"Bread and cheese costs nothing," said she.

"No? And the plate you put it on, and the knife you eat it with, and the glass of beer to help it go down, and the coat you wear during the repast, and the room it's served in—they cost something, Miss Lucy."

Lucy laughed. "I think you will always have enough bread and cheese," said she. "You look as though you would."

Decima turned to them; she had stood buried in a reverie, until the light tone of Lionel aroused her from it. "Which is real, Lionel? this joking, or that you have lost Verner's Pride?"

"Both," he answered. "I am disinherited from Verner's Pride; better, perhaps, that I should joke over it, than cry."

"What will mamma do? What will mamma do?" breathed Decima. "She has so counted upon it. And what will you do, Lionel?"

"Decima!" came forth at this moment from the opposite room, in the imperative voice of Lady Verner.

Decima turned in obedience to it, her step less light than usual. Lucy addressed Lionel.

"One day at the rectory there came a gipsy woman, wanting to tell our fortunes; she accosted us in the garden. Mr. Cust sent her away, and she was angry, and told him his star was not in the ascendant. I think it must be the case at present with your star, Mr. Verner."

Lionel smiled. "Yes, indeed."

"It is not only one thing you are losing; it is more. First, that pretty girl whom you loved; then, Mr. Verner; and now, Verner's Pride. I wish I knew how to comfort you."

Lucy Tempest spoke with the most open simplicity, exactly as a sister might have done. But the one allusion grated on Lionel's heart.

"You are very kind, Lucy. Good bye. Tell Decima I shall see her sometime to-morrow."

Lucy Tempest looked after him from the window as he paced the enclosed courtyard. "I cannot think how people can be unjust!" was her thought. "If Verner's Pride was rightly his, why have they taken it from him?"

#### CHAPTER XIV.—A WHISPERED SUSPICION.

CERTAINLY Lionel Verner's star was not in the ascendant—though Lucy Tempest had used the words in jest. His love gone from him; his fortune and position wrested from him; all became the adjuncts of one man, Frederick Massingbird. Serenely, to outward appearance, as Lionel had met the one blow, so did he now meet the other; and none, looking on his calm bearing, could suspect what the loss was to him. But it is the silent sorrow that eats into the heart; the loud grief does not tell upon it.

An official search had been made; but no trace could be found of the missing codicil. Lionel had not expected that it would be found. He regarded it as a deed which had never had existence, and took up his abode with his mother.

The village could not believe it; the neighborhood resented it. People stood in groups to talk it over. It did certainly appear to be a most singular and almost incredible thing; that, in the enlightened days of the latter half of the 19th century, an official deed should disappear out of a gentleman's desk, in his own well-guarded residence, in his habited chamber.

Conjectures and thoughts were freely bandied about; while Dr. West and Jan grew nearly tired of the particulars demanded of them in their professional visits, for their patients would talk of nothing else.

The first visible effect that the disappointment had, was to stretch Lady Verner on a sick bed. She fell into a low, nervous state of prostration, and her irritability—it must be confessed—was great. But for this illness Lionel would have been away.

Thrown now upon his own resources, he looked steadily into the future, and strove to chalk out a career for himself; one by which—as he had said to Lucy Tempest—he might get bread and cheese. Of course, at Lionel Verner's age, and reared to no profession, unfamiliar with habits of business, that was easier thought of than done. He had no particular talent for literature; he believed that, if he tried his hand at that, the bread might come, but the cheese would be doubtful—although he saw men with even less aptitude for it than he, turning to it and embracing it with all the confidence in the world, as if it were an ever-open resource to all, when other trades failed.

There were the three professions; but they were not available. Lionel felt no inclination to become a working drudge like poor Jan; and the Church, for which he had not any liking, he was by far too conscientious to embrace only as a means of living. There remained the Bar; and to that he turned his attention, and resolved to qualify himself for it. That there would be grinding and drudgery and hard work and no pay for years, he knew; but, so there might be, go to what he would. The Bar did hold out a chance of success, and there was nothing in it derogatory to the notions in which he had been reared—those of a gentleman.

Jan came to him one day about the time of the decision, and Lionel told him that he should soon be away; that he intended to enter himself at the Middle Temple, and take chambers.

"Law!" said Jan. "Why, you'll be 40, may be, before you ever get a brief. You should have entered earlier."

"Yes. But how was I to know that things would turn out like this?"

"Look here," said Jan, tilting himself in a very uncomfortable fashion on the high back of an armchair, "there's that £500. You can have that."

"What £500?" asked Lionel.

"The £500 that Uncle Stephen left me. I don't want it. Old West gives me as much as keeps me in clothes and that, which is all I care about. You take the money and use it."

"No, Jan. Thank you warmly, old boy, all the same; but I'd not take your little bit of money if I were starving."

"What's the good of it to me?" asked Jan, swaying his legs about. "I can't use it; I have got nothing to use it in. I have put it in the bank at Heartburg, but the bank may go smash, you know, and then who'd be the better for the money? Better take it and make sure of it, Lionel."

Lionel smiled at him. Jan was as simple and single-hearted in his way as Lucy Tempest was in hers. But he must want money grievously indeed, before he would have consented to take honest Jan's.

"I have £500 of my own, you know, Jan," he said. "More than I can use yet awhile."

So he fixed upon the Bar, and would have hastened to London but for Lady Verner's illness. In the weak, low state to which disappointment and irritability had reduced her, she could not bear to lose sight of Lionel, or permit him to depart. "It will be time enough when I am dead, and that won't be long first," was the constant burden of her song to him.

He believed his mother to be little more likely to die than he was, but he was too dutiful a son to cross her in her present state. He gathered certain ponderous tomes about him, and began studying law on his own account, shutting himself up in his room all day to

do it. Awfully dry work he found it; not in the least congenial; and many a time did he long to pitch the whole lot into the pleasant rippling stream running through the grounds of Sir Rufus Hautley, which danced and glittered in the sun in view of Lionel's window.

He could not remain at this daily study without interruptions. They were pretty frequent. People—tenants, workmen and others—would persist in coming for orders to Mr. Lionel. In vain Lionel told them that he could not give orders, could not interfere; that he had no longer anything to do with Verner's Pride.

They could not be brought to understand why he was not their master as usual—at any rate, why he could not act as one and interpose between them and the tyrant Roy. In point of fact, Mr. Roy was head and master of the estate just now, and a nice head and master he made!

Mrs. Verner, shut up in Verner's Pride with her ill health, had no conception what games were being played.

"Let be, let be," the people would say. "When Mr. Fred Massingbird comes home, Roy'll get called to account and receive his deserts." A fond belief in which all did not join; many entertained a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Fred Massingbird was too much inclined to be a tyrant on his own account, to disprove the acts of Roy.

Lionel's blood often boiled at what he saw and heard, and he wished he could put miles between himself and Deerham.

"How long will my mother remain in this state?" he inquired of Dr. West, waylaying the physician one morning as he was leaving the house, and accompanying him across the courtyard.

Dr. West lifted his arched eyebrows.

"It is impossible to say, Mr. Lionel. These cases of low nervous fever are sometimes very much protracted."

"Lady Verner is not nervous fever," dissented Lionel.

"It approaches near to it."

"The fact is, I want to be away," said Lionel.

"There is no reason why you should not be away if you wish it. Lady Verner is not in any danger, she is sure to recover eventually."

"I know that. At least I hope it is sure," returned Lionel. "But in the state she is I cannot reason with her, or talk to her of the necessity of my being away. Any approach to the topic irritates her."

"I should go and say nothing to her beforehand," observed Dr. West. "When she really does get really off, and that there was no remedy for it, she must perforce reconcile herself to it."

Every fond feeling within Lionel revolted at the suggestion. "We are speaking of my mother, doctor," was his courteously-uttered rebuke.

"Well, if you don't like that, there's nothing for it but patience," was the doctor's rejoinder, as he drew open one of the iron gates. "Lady Verner may be no better than she is now for weeks to come. Good day, Mr. Lionel."

Lionel paced into the house with a slow step and went up to his mother's chamber. She was lying on a couch by the fire, her eyes closed, her pale features contracted as if with pain. Her maid Therese appeared to be busy with her, and Lionel called out Decima.

"There's no improvement, I hear, Decima."

"No. But, on the other hand, there's no danger. There's nothing even very serious, if Dr. West may be believed. Do you know, Lionel, what I fancy he thinks?"

"What?" asked Lionel.

"That if mamma were obliged to exert and rouse herself; were like any poor person, for instance, who cannot lie by and be nursed, she would be well directly. And—unkind, unlike a daughter as it may seem in me to acknowledge it—I do very much incline to the same opinion."

Lionel made no reply.

"Only Dr. West has not the candor to say so," went on Decima. "So long as he can keep her lying here he will do it; she is a good patient for him. Poor mamma gives way, and he helps her to do it. I wish she would discard him, and trust to Jan."

"You don't like Dr. West, Decima?"

"I never did," said Decima. "And I believe that in skill Jan is worth ten of him. There's this much to be said of Jan, that he is sincere and open as if he were made of glass. Jan will never keep a patient in bed, or give the smallest dose more than is absolutely necessary. Did you hear of Sir Rufus Hautley sending for Jan?"

"No."

"He is ill, it seems. And when he sent to Dr. West's, he expressly desired that it might be Mr. Jan Verner to answer the summons. Dr. West will not forgive that in a hurry."

"That comes of prejudice," said Lionel; "prejudices not really deserved by Dr. West. Since the reading of the will Sir Rufus has been bitter against the Massingbirds; and Dr. West, as connected with them, comes in for his share of the feeling."

"I hope he may not deserve it in any worse way than as connected with them," returned Decima, with more acrimony than she, in her calm gentleness, was accustomed to speak.

The significant tone struck Lionel.

"What do you mean, Decima?"

Decima glanced round. They were standing at the far end of the corridor, at the window which overlooked the domains of Sir Rufus Hautley. The doors of the several rooms were closed, and no one was about. Decima spoke in a whisper.

"Lionel, I cannot divest myself of the opinion that—that—"

"That what?" he asked, looking at her in wonder, for she was hesitating strangely, her manner shrinking, her voice awestruck.

"That it was Dr. West who took the codicil."

Lionel's face flushed—partially with pain—he did not like to hear it said even by Decima.

"You have never suspected so much yourself?" she asked.

"Never, never. I hope I never shall suspect it. Decima, you perhaps cannot help the thought, but you can help speaking of it."

"I did not mean to vex you. Somehow, Lionel, it is for your sake that I seem to have taken a dislike to the Wests—"

"To take a dislike to people is no just cause for accusing them of crime," he interrupted. "Decima, you are not like yourself to-day."

"Do you suppose that it is my dislike which caused me to suspect him? No, Lionel. I seem to see people and their motives very clearly; and I do honestly believe"—she dropped her voice still lower—"that Dr. West is a man capable of almost anything. At the time when the codicil was being searched for I used to think and think it over, how it could be—how it could have disappeared. All its points, all its bearings I deliberated upon again and again. One certain thing was, the codicil could not have disappeared from the desk without its having been taken out: another point, almost equally certain to my mind, was that my uncle Stephen did not take it out, but died in the belief that it was in, and that it would give you your inheritance. A third point was, that whoever took it must have had some strong motive for the act. Who (with possible access to the desk) could have had this motive, even in a remote degree? There were but two—Dr. West and Mrs. Verner. Mrs. Verner I judge to be incapable of anything so wrong; Dr. West I believe to be capable of even worse than that; and hence I drew my deductions."

"Deductions which I shall never accept, and which I would advise you to get rid of, Decima," was his answer. "My dear, never let such an accusation cross your lips again."

"I never shall. I have told you, and that is enough. I have

longed to tell you for some time past. I did not think you would believe me."

"Believe it, say, Decima. Dr. West take the codicil! Were I to bring myself to that belief, I think all my faith in man would go out. You are sadly prejudiced against the Wests."

"And you in their favor," she could not help saying. "But I shall ever be thankful for one thing—that you have escaped Sibylla."

Was he thankful for it? Scarcely. While that pained heart of his, those coursing pulses, could beat on in this tumultuous manner at the bare sound of her name.

In the silence that ensued—for neither felt inclined to break it—they heard a voice in the hall below, inquiring whether Mr. Verner was within. Lionel recognised it as Tynn's.

"For all I know he is," answered old Catherine. "I saw him a few minutes ago in the court out there, a-talking to the doctor."

"Will you please ask if I can speak to him?"

Lionel did not wait further, but descended to the hall. The butler, in his deep mourning, had taken his seat on the bench. He rose as Lionel approached.

"Well, Tynn, how are you? What is it?"

"My mistress has sent me to ask if you'd be so kind as come to Verner's Pride, sir?" said Tynn, standing with his hat in his hand.

"She bade me say that she did not feel well enough, or she'd have written you a note with the request, but she wishes particular to see you."

"Does she wish to see me to-day?"

"As soon as ever you could get there, sir, I fancy. I am sure she meant to-day."

"Very well, Tynn. I'll come over. How is Mrs. Verner?"

"She's very well, sir; but she gets worried on all sides about things out-of-doors."

"Who worries her with those tales?" asked Lionel.

"Everybody almost does, sir, as comes a-nigh her. First it's one complaint that's brought to the house, of things going wrong, and then it's another complaint—and the women servants they have not the sense to keep it from her. My wife can't keep her tongue still upon it, and can't see that the rest do. Might I ask how her ladyship is to-day, sir?"

"Not any better, Tynn. Tell Mrs. Verner I will be with her almost immediately."

Lionel lost little time in going to Verner's Pride. Turned from it as he had been, smarting under the injustice and the pain, many a one would have haughtily refused to re-enter it, whatever may have been the emergency. Not so Lionel. He had chosen to quit Verner's Pride as his residence, but he had remained entirely good friends with Mrs. Verner, calling on her at times. Not upon her would Lionel visit his displeasure.

It was somewhat curious that she had taken to sit in the old study of Stephen Verner, a room which she had rarely entered during his lifetime. Perhaps some vague impression that she was now a woman of business, or ought to be one, that she herself was in sole charge for the absent heir, had induced her to take up her daily sitting amidst the drawers, bureaux, and other places which had contained Mr. Verner's papers—which contained them still. She had, however, never yet looked at one. If anything came up to the house, leases, deeds, or other papers, she would say, "Tynn, see to it," or "Tynn, take it over to Mr. Lionel Verner, and ask what's to be done." Lionel never refused to say.

She was sitting back in Mr. Verner's old chair now, filling it a great deal better than he used to do. Lionel took her hand cordially. Every time he saw her he thought her looking bigger and bigger. However much she may have grieved at the time for her son John's death, it had not taken away either her flesh or her high color. Nothing would have troubled Mrs. Verner permanently, unless it had been the depriving her of her meals. Now John was gone, she cared for nothing else in life.

"It's kind of you to come, Lionel," said she. "I want to talk to you. What will you have—some wine?"

"Not anything," replied Lionel. "Tynn said you wished to see me for something particular."

"And so I do. You must take the management of the estate until Fred's at home."

The words grated on his ear, and his brow knit itself into lines. But he answered calmly.

"I cannot do that, Mrs. Verner."

"Then what can I do?" she asked. "Here's all this great estate, nobody to see after it, nobody to take it in charge! I'm sure I have no more right to be teased over it than you have, Lionel."

"It is your son's."

"I asked you not to leave Verner's Pride. I asked you to take the management of out-door things. You did so between your uncle's death and his burial."

"Believing that I was taking the management of what was mine," replied Lionel.

"Why do you visit upon me the blame of all that has happened?" pursued Mrs. Verner. "I declare that I knew nothing of what was done; I could not believe my own ears when I heard Matiss read out the will. You should not blame me."

"I never have blamed you for it, Mrs. Verner. I believe you to be as innocent of blame in the matter as I am."

"Then you ought not to turn haughty and cold, and refuse to help me. They are going to have me up before the justice courts at Heartburg!"

"Have you up before the justice courts at Heartburg!" repeated Lionel, in great astonishment.

"It's all through Roy; I know it is. There's some stupid dispute about a lease, and I am to be had up in evidence. Did you hear of the threat?"

"What threat?" asked he.

"Some of the men are saying they'll burn down Verner's Pride. Roy turned them off the brickyard, and they threaten they'll do it out of revenge. If you would just look to things and keep Roy quiet, nothing of this would happen."

Lionel knew that.

"Mrs. Verner," he said, "were you the owner of Verner's Pride, I would spare no pains to help you. But I cannot act for Frederick Massingbird."

"What has Fred done to you?" she asked quickly.

"That is not the question—he has done nothing," answered Lionel, speaking more rapidly still. "My management would—if I know anything of him—be essentially different from your son's; different from what he would approve. Neither would I take authority upon myself only to have it displaced upon his return. Have Roy before you, Mrs. Verner, and caution him."

"It does no good. I have already had him. He smooths things over to me, so that black looks white. Lionel, I must say that you are unkind and obstinate."

"I do not think I am naturally either one or the other," he answered, smiling. "Perhaps it might answer your purpose to put things into the hands of Matiss until your son's return."

"He won't take it," she answered. "I sent for him—what with this court business and the threat of incendiarism, I am like one upon thorns—and he said he would not undertake it; he seemed to fear contact with Roy."

"Were I to take the management, Mrs. Verner, my first act would be to discharge Roy."

Mrs. Verner tried again to shake his resolution. But he was quite firm. And, wishing her good-day, he left Verner's Pride, and bent his steps towards the village.

(To be continued.)





CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND—THE REBELS DISPUTING THE PASS OF THE BLUE RIDGE, SEPTEMBER 14.—SKETCHED FROM THE HILL WHERE SIMMONS'S OHIO BATTERY OF 20-POUND PARROTTS, LIEUT. DARNE, WAS STATIONED, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHILL.

### BRINGTON AND THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

ABOUT seven miles from the busy town of Northampton, England, is to be found the extremely picturesque village of Great Brington, which has long possessed a certain degree of interest from its proximity to Althorp Park, the magnificent seat of Earl Spencer, several of whose ancestors have sumptuous monuments yet remaining to their memory in Brington church. But of late years the village has become a shrine to which many a pilgrimage has been made from this side of the Atlantic; for recent researches have afforded abundant proofs of the intimate connection of Brington with the honored name of Washington.

It was in this simple, unpretending Northamptonshire village that the ancestors of George Washington once resided, and it was from here that Sir John Washington, the great-grandfather of the first American President, went forth towards the new land of promise, there to find the rest and repose which was denied to him at home, and to sow the seeds of that fame which afterwards culminated around the name of his great-grandson.

Brington church contains the identical tomb-slab of Lawrence Washington, the father of the emigrant, on which may yet be traced the family arms—argent, two bars gules; in chief, three mullets of the second—from which, in all probability, originated an ensign, which has since acquired a fame and importance second only to that of Great Britain.

The unwearied and attentive labors of local historians and archaeologists have cleared away much of the doubt and uncertainty formerly existing with respect to the family; and to the late George and Miss Baker, of Northampton; the Rev. Thomas James, of Theddington; and to the Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, of Brington; the thanks both of the American and British nations are eminently due, for the light which they have shed on the early history of the Washingtons.

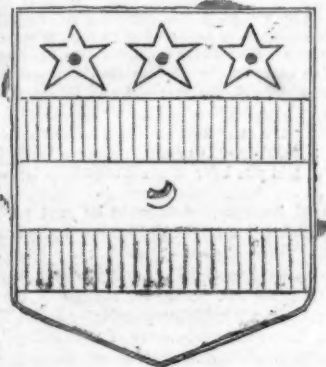
From their statements, which are now received as authorities by most American historians, it appears tolerably certain that the before-mentioned Lawrence Washington came from Sulgrave (a village in the same county) to Brington; and that this removal was partly occasioned by his relationship to the family of Lord Spencer. To understand this, it must be remembered that the Washington family were originally from Lancashire, and that Sir Thomas Kitson, one of the great merchants of that time (the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.) was not only uncle of the first Lawrence Washington but also the father of Lady Spencer, so that there was a blood relationship existing between the families of Spencer and Washington. According to the Rev. Thomas James, "A tomb in the church of Sulgrave still retains the arms and names of one of the family; and within a few years the shield of the Washingtons was seen by Washington Irving—where it is to be seen no longer—in the kitchen-window."



HOUSE IN LITTLE BRINGTON, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY THE WASHINGTONS.

Mr. James adds, "By a singular coincidence, from the adjoining parish of Warden sprung the family of Lord North, the great antagonist of Washington, and Prime Minister during the American war."

The Rev. J. N. Simpkinson furnishes many curious and interesting facts and details in support of his assertions respecting the social position of the Washingtons of Brington, from which we learn that they seem to have been on intimate terms with the Spencer family, and that they also became allied to that of the Villiers; the eldest



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE WASHINGTONS.

son of Lawrence Washington, and brother of the emigrant, having married the half-sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, so that the Republican leader of 1776 was connected by ties of relationship with two of the loftiest peerages of that land whose way he so sternly repudiated, and whose martial power he so successfully opposed.

It has not been clearly ascertained what led Sir John Washington to leave his native land, but there can be little doubt of his implication in the Royalist plots and conspiracies of 1656, and that he was compelled to seek safety in flight. He had been knighted by James I. about 1623, and that his sympathies were with the Court may be inferred from the fact that it was his brother, Sir Henry Washington, who so daringly headed the storming party at Bristol, and also defended Worcester for the king.

The tomb of his first wife is to be seen at Islepton-the-Nen. Washington Irving, and other American writers have traced the history of the family of Sir John, or rather John Washington, for he appears to have dropped the title in his adopted home; and nothing remains to be added to their statements except that there are good reasons for believing that the house in which Lawrence, and, after him, John Washington, resided in Brington, is yet in existence.

A minute investigation of the parish register, the household books at Althorp, and other original sources of information, convinced Mr. Simpkinson that an ancient dwelling in the village was the house in question.

It is one of those habitations not uncommon in Northamptonshire, wherein remain the vestiges of a former substantial state, sadly at variance with its present reduced and altered condition.

Over the doorway, facing the street, is an oblong stone tablet, on which is inscribed, after the fashion of the time:

THE LORD GEVETH, THE LORD TAKETH AWAY.  
BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.  
CONSTRVCTA, 1606.

Such pious and devout expressions were frequently employed in this way; for instance, in one of the chambers at Rockingham Castle there appears the following appropriate sentence:

The: Howas: Shal: Be: Preserved: And: Never:  
Wil: Decaye: Wheare: The: Almightye: God: Is:  
Honored: And: Served: Days: By: Daye.

But the Brington inscription apparently refers to some sad incident connected with the history of those who erected or resided in the house. Well, and we quote from Mr. Simpkinson—"we turn to the parish register; and there the only name which seems to answer our inquiry is the name of Washington! The Lord had both given them and taken away a child in that very year in which the house was built! Nor was this the only reason they had for dwelling emphatically on that passage of Scripture. They were bearing the weight of great reverses; they were full of anxiety for the future, and of sad recollections of the past, while settling down in a new home under a very marked change of circumstances." And, therefore, what could be more natural than their selection of a passage in which faith, hope and resignation were so touchingly blended?

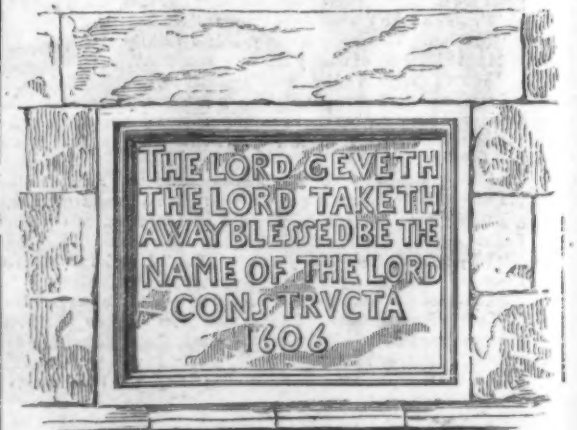
If this conclusion be the right one, and there exists no evidence to the contrary, then Northamptonshire may justly pride itself, not only on being the county of the Franklins and the Washingtons, but also on possessing, in addition to other relics, the very home in which the Cavalier ancestors of the Republican President lived and died; thus adding a fresh bond of mutual sympathy and kindly feeling to those already subsisting between the people of those isles and their Transatlantic brethren.

Those who desire to investigate the subject at greater length cannot do better than peruse the work of Mr. Simpkinson, which not only illustrates the peculiar characteristics of a remarkable period in our history, but likewise tends to elucidate the reality of those family traditions which had so large a share in forming the character of George Washington, and led him to temper his republican ardor with the recollection of how his ancestors had suffered for their fidelity to the cause a fallen monarch, whose worst failings are effaced from our memory by the story of his sad misfortunes.

### BATTLE OF ANTIETAM OR SHARPSBURG.

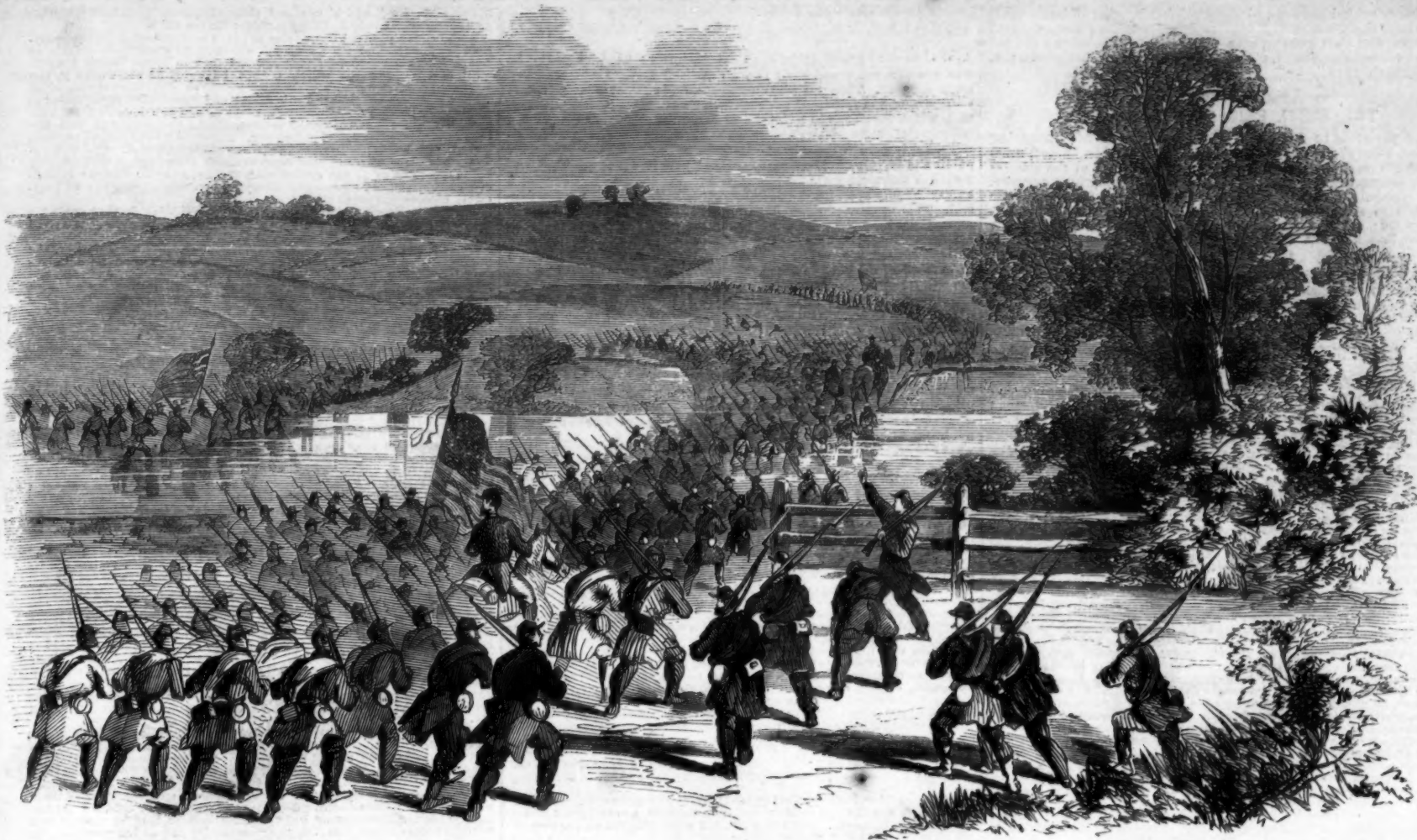
Our sketch on page 40 was taken about ten o'clock in the morning of the 17th of September, and represents the centre and right wings of the National army engaged with the rebel centre and left, commanded by Longstreet and Jackson. Hooker's division was then just on the point of crossing the creek, which they did in splendid style. Thus at the close of the engagement the National troops occupied every position held in the morning by the rebels, who retreated behind Sharpsburg, from which they escaped over the Potomac next night, by trying that very stale ruse of a day's truce to bury the dead, which, *mirabile dictu*, Gen. McClellan agreed to. Had our juvenile Napoleon been guided by the Scriptural injunction of letting "the dead bury the dead," nothing could have saved the rebels from capture or destruction. The public, however, has been so accustomed to disastrous retreats, that a moderate victory, like that of Antietam, is really received with a grateful surprise.

Our illustrations give an excellent idea of the nature of the struggle, and the ground over which it was fought, which admitted of much fairer fighting than the jungles of Virginia. It is remarkable that in selecting their fields of battle the rebel Generals have shown



INSCRIPTION OVER THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF THE WASHINGTONS.





BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—THE OPENING OF THE FIGHT—HOOKER'S DIVISION FORDING THE GREAT ANTIETAM CREEK, TO ATTACK THE REBEL ARMY UNDER GENERAL LEE, 10 O'CLOCK A. M., SEPT. 17.  
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHELL.

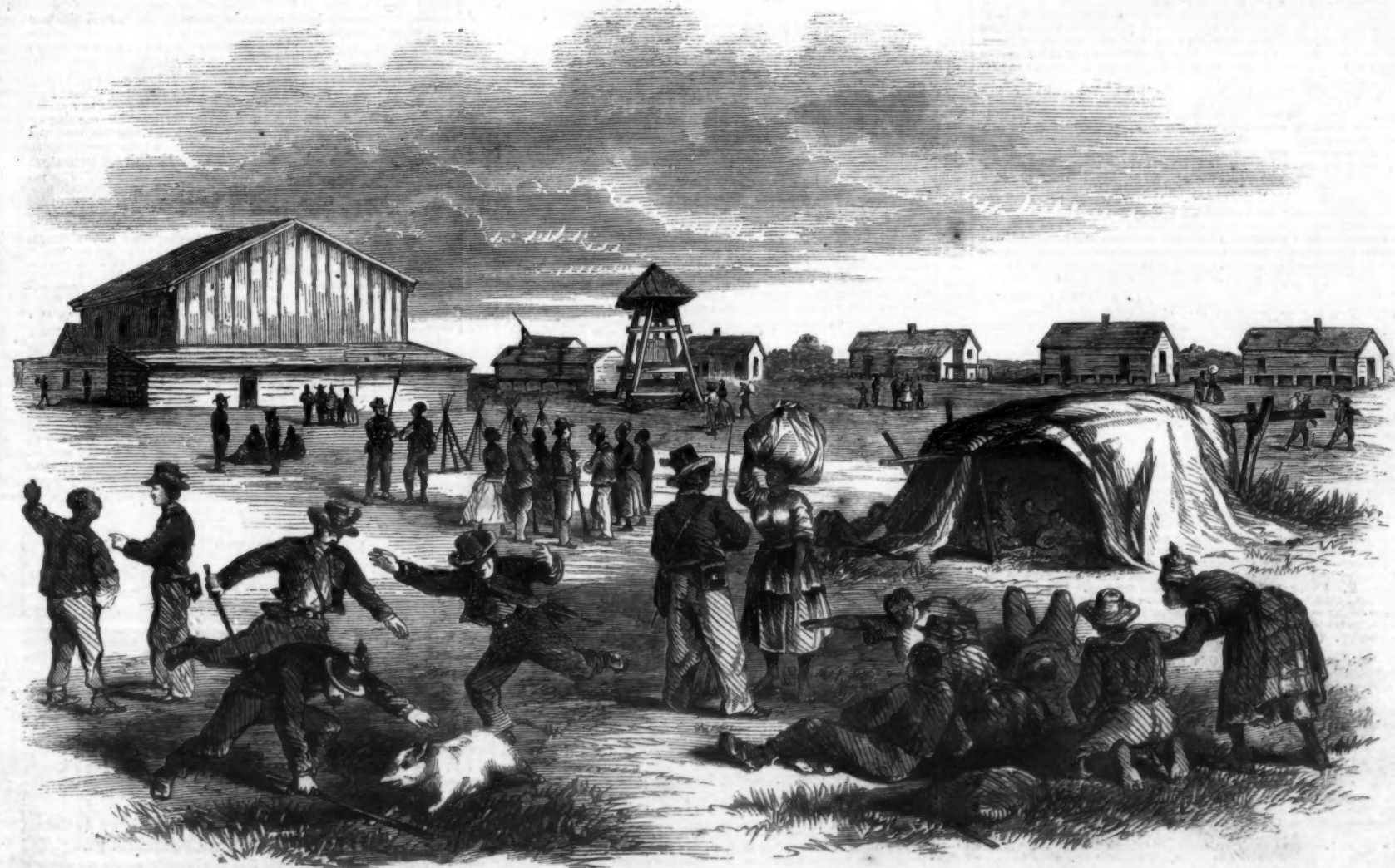
infinitely more judgment than the National commanders. We have had almost always to fight against superior numbers as well as inferior position, and the advantages we have gained are entirely owing to our nobler *morale* and *physique*. Since Waterloo there has been no struggle so long and so fiercely contested, and with an army spread over so wide an extent—the extreme end of the right wing, under Hooker, being three miles distant from the extreme left of Burnside, whose Hawkins Zouaves charge concluded this hard-fought day. At seven o'clock the last gun was fired, and the armies, victorious and vanquished, rested for the night—the Union Generals ready to pursue next day their advantage; the rebel plotting how they could snatch, by trickery, from the hands of our brave men the fruits of their victory.

#### THE LAST BAYONET CHARGE OF HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES AT ANTIETAM.

This brilliant and decisive charge was made about five o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, 17th September, and will add

to the already well-deserved fame of this admirably disciplined regiment, which has been pronounced by a high military authority "as a very lucky one." Its success and reputation are owing in a great degree to the officers, especially Hawkins, Kimball, Hammill, Barnett and Whiting, who have considered the regiment as "their household." We may mention, as a proof of Col. Hawkins's *esprit de corps*, that when Gov. Morgan endeavored to thrust a disreputable friend of his upon the regiment as a Captain, to fill up a vacancy, Hawkins positively refused to recognise the Governor's authority; and, backed by his officers, he triumphed over that official, although the Governor was supported by Wool and Williams. Whenever our men are treated with the respect due to the dignity of freemen, an American regiment may be killed but it cannot be conquered. The loss of Hawkins's Zouaves in this glorious but sanguinary charge was 237 men, nearly one-half of their force when they went into action. Several of their gallant members were killed, whose families have the enduring reflection, that if a sparrow's death is noted by the great Master, how glorious will be His record of a patriot soldier's death. The present war has produced too many of the Sicius Dentatus and Garibaldi class to admit the doubt of our final triumph.

Mr. Forbes thus describes the charge:  
"The enemy carried a color which reminded one of an auctioneer's flag. I recognized it as one of the same style carried by them at Cedar Mountain, and which they seemed very anxious to exhibit. It was their new battle-flag. We were victorious here also; the enemy after about five hours fighting were routed, leaving their dead and wounded covering the ground—among them a General and two Colonels. On the left, during the afternoon, Burnside carried the bridge after an obstinate contest of several hours' duration, and a loss of about 500 killed and wounded. Hawkins's Zouaves then crossed and found the enemy ready drawn up under cover of the hills, and advanced in line of battle on the enemy's new position, about half a mile distant. The ground over which they advanced was open clover and ploughed fields, the latter very difficult and fatiguing to march in, owing to the softness of the ground. The enemy's guns, 14 in number, kept up a terrible fire on our advancing line, which never wavered, but slowly toiled along, receiving shelter, however, when they were in the hollows. They were halted a few moments to rest in the hollow nearest the enemy's position, and then were ordered to charge with a yell. As they came up the hill in front of the enemy's batteries, they received a heavy volley from a large force



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—A DESERTED PLANTATION, NEAR CRAVEN, N. C.



of infantry behind a stone wall about 200 feet in front of the enemy's batteries. Our men, though terribly decimated, gave them a volley in return, and then went on with the bayonet. The enemy did not stay to contest the ground, and, although two to one, broke and ran, leaving their guns.

### THE REBEL RAID INTO MARYLAND.

OUR paper of to-day contains some sketches of surpassing interest, chiefly from the pencils of Mr. Schell and Mr. Forbes, illustrating the recent battles in Maryland. The nature of the country is very different from that of Virginia, the hills rolling up gloriously, more especially around Frederick and towards the Potomac. The forests also are different from those in Virginia, there being less brushwood; consequently the rebels, like tigers who miss their jungles, lose half their facilities in fighting. Mr. Schell's sketch of

#### Hooker's Division fording the Creek,

called the Great Antietam, speaks for itself, and has already been described by us in our account of the battle, which was commenced on the western bank of the creek and finished on the other.

### BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

#### A Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, September 22, 1862.

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in which States that relation is, or may be, suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave States, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted or thereafter may voluntarily adopt the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon the continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the Governments existing there, will be continued; that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom; that the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress, entitled "An act to make an additional Article of War," approved March 13, 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the Army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such:

"ARTICLE.—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

"SECTION 2.—And be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage."

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled "An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figure following:

"SECTION 9.—And be it further enacted, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves of such persons found on (or being within) any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

"SECTION 10.—And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any of the States, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto; and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey and enforce within their respective spheres of service the act and sections above recited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall, (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By the President,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Secretary of State.

On the evening of the day on which the President's Proclamation was dated, a large assemblage of persons visited the White House, and after having been repeatedly and enthusiastically called for, Mr. Lincoln appeared and spoke as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I appear before you to do little more than acknowledge the courtesy you pay me, and to thank you for it. I have not been distinctly informed why it is on this occasion you appear to do me this honor, though I suppose it is because of the Proclamation. What I did, I did after very full deliberation and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility. (Cries of "Good." "God bless you." Applause.)

I can only trust in God I have made no mistake. I shall make no attempt on this occasion to sustain what I have done or said by any comment. (Voices—"That's unnecessary—we understand it.") It is now for the country and the world to pass judgment on it, and may be taken action upon it. I will say no more upon this subject. In my position I am environed with difficulties; yet they are scarcely so great as the difficulties of those who upon the battle-field are endeavoring to purchase with their blood and their lives the future happiness and prosperity of this country. (Applause, long and continued.) Let us never forget them.

On the 14th and 17th days of this month there have been battles bravely, skillfully and successfully fought. We do not yet know the particulars. Let us be sure that in giving praise to particular individuals we do no injustice to others. I only ask you at the conclusion of these few remarks to give three hearty cheers to all the good and brave officers and men who fought those successful battles.

CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—"My dear friend," says H., "I can cure your toothache in ten minutes." "How?" "I inquired; 'do it in pity.' 'Instantly,' said he; 'have you any alum?' 'Yes.' 'Bring it and some common salt.' They were produced. My friend pulverized them, mixed them in equal proportions, then wetted a small piece of cotton, causing the powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow and aching tooth. 'There,' said he, 'if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this to every one, and publish it everywhere. The remedy is infallible.' It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt I experienced a sensation of coldness, and with it—the alum and salt—I cured the torment of the toothache.

### WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Music, Drama, &c., &c.

We are a great people—that is, some of us—great in war, great in peace, and great in art, especially that style of art called artful dodging. Time was when managers were content to rely for their success upon the talents of their performers or singers; they put forth their bill of fare, and the public bit or not, according as it suited or did not suit their taste. Now, however, the managers issue long proclamations, setting forth their large-heartedness, their self-sacrifices, their public and private virtues, their unselfish labors for the public good, and rest their claims on these for public patronage, winding up usually with a smart homily upon the duty of the people towards managers in general. This manner of thing has prevailed for some time, having been commenced by the great Ullman, whose vermillion edicts were of the most ponderous, magnificent and bombastic character; but they were harmless effusions of vanity and humbug, for while the writer intended them to direct the public taste in the way he wished it to run, they were, in reality, the subject of public laughter and ridicule. Every one saw clean through them, and the only one who profited by them was the proprietor of the N. Y. Herald.

Bad as this style of thing is, it is better than the last style of artful dodging—that is, the endeavor to extort sympathy from the public by parading before it the misfortunes of a young girl, and claiming the credit for making it generally known. Such a total absence of the sentiment of delicacy we have rarely seen in the conduct of a public enterprise. It may be, however, that we are over-sensitive, for as the friends of the lady make no objection, why should we protest? We really do not know, unless it is that our idea of what is due to woman is somewhat out of fashion.

Of course, Carlotta Patti is pretty—every one knows that she is very pretty, and that her manner is amiable, piquant and pleasing in every way; that she has a charming voice of extreme compass, light, flexible and sympathetic; and that she sings gracefully, sprightly and brilliantly. Thousands who have heard her in the concert-room know all this, and accord her the praise she deserves, but the operatic stage is a very different affair, and requires, to insure success, something more than clever singing, youth and a charming face. What one of its chief requisites is, our readers know full well; we shall not therefore dwell upon it, but simply suggest that the musical dramatic field is not the sphere in which the pretty Carlotta Patti can hope to succeed. Her attempt was praiseworthy, and she evinced both aptitude and feeling for the profession; but transcendent musical genius alone could cover up the physical defect which destroys the dramatic illusion, by exciting a sympathy of a different kind from that which the situation of the character demands. With every earnest wish for her success, we cannot advise her to pursue a career which must necessarily, as she seeks new audiences, expose her to mortification, which will embitter even the very praise which her efforts may elicit.

We will not offend the common sense of those concerned by awarding the slightest praise to the getting-up of the operas during the fall season of four performances. We could hardly wish for anything more slovenly and unsatisfactory. If the performances are to be bad in proportion to the shortness of the season, let us pray that the doors of the Academy of Music may be sealed up until Maretzek returns in the spring from Havana.

Talking of Maretzek reminds us that we met him a few evenings since. He had just boxed up and forwarded, per steamer, a detachment of his company for Havana. We remonstrated with him for smuggling all his good singers away without first giving the New York public a taste of their quality. The amiable Max laughed one of those genial laughs which not even the most refractory of his artists can resist, and said, prophetically, "The Academy is going through a course of scrupulous that is, probation. It has been the arena of Nigger Minstrelsy, the chosen home of perambulating conjurers, the upper-Tammany Hall for political orations, the advertising medium for mechanical doctors, and"—here his voice faltered and tears bedewed his flushing cheeks—"and it may before long become a circus!" (at this terrible thought he fell upon the neck of the nearest passer-by, and the noble frame of the Father of Opera in America was convulsed by emotion. He recovered himself, smiled and then continued: "When the edifice in which I have wielded the baton is cleansed and purified, I will return, and again inaugurate the reign of opera in New York." As the last words were uttered he vanished, not into thin air, for a market-cart loaded with garden-trunk, passed by at that moment, and we half believe that we distinguished the form of the Imperial Max seated on the same. The garden-trunk was probably the produce of his farm on Staten Island, and he, Cincinnati-like, was on his way to Fulton market, to dispose of it. Not that we mean to say that Cincinnati sold his garden-trunk at Fulton market, but the parallel struck us forcibly at the time, though we must say that we don't see it now.

A few minutes after we met the gracious and fragrant Gran, the youngest of the managerial tribe, who boasts that he has given as many seasons as the best of them—sometimes a one-night season, and sometimes a two-night season, and once a more-nights season, and is as proud of not having once failed as others are of having failed a great many times. We reverently touched the tip of his well-fitting glove and asked when he intended to open. He estimated that the nights were not long enough for a short season yet—that at present there was no demand for opera—that when there was a demand, when the people of New York wanted him and called for him—he would come!

These interviews somewhat saddened us, for we saw but little chance of an opera excitement for some months to come. The next day, however, we met the quiet and gentlemanly Goechi, in whose bosom lie buried the mysteries of a hundred operatic managements. He was neither as prophetic as Max, nor as grandiose as Gran. He simply said, and we thought we detected a wink at an imaginary passer-by, that there was a great deal of musical talent in the city—that some one would soon gather them together, and that we might look for opera about the middle of October.

Gottschalk's Concerts commence this week at Irving Hall, and we can hardly imagine anything more pleasant than these concerts will be. Gottschalk's self-revelations those exquisite fancies in which the inner soul of the composer is made manifest, interpreted as they are in faultless beauty by himself, are alone sufficient to draw around him all true lovers of the musical art. But he is not the only attraction. He has provided vocalists, and has entrusted an excellent orchestra to the able leadership of Theodore Thomas. If Gottschalk's concerts are not crowded, we must look for taste elsewhere than in New York.

If any of our lady readers wish to exercise their nimble fingers upon one of the most brilliant and beautiful polkas ever written, they must prevail upon their talented composer, Harry Sanderson, to present them with a copy of his "Happy Thought Polka," which is certainly one of the most brilliant and beautiful of its class. It is worth something to bear him dash it off with his speed-of-lightning octaves. Harry Sanderson is not half appreciated in his native city yet, but his time is rapidly coming on.

Have our readers who are dramatically inclined ever seen "Virgilius" upon the stage? We do not mean the "Virgilius" of Sheridan Knowles, but the "Virgilius" of Edwin Forrest. Let us be thoroughly understood as meaning exactly what we say. Knowles romanticized the Roman Centurion. He whitewashed him into a modern prettiness, making him more neat and presentable according to English notions. Forrest, however, has re-Romanized the luckless Italian. From his hands he emerges in all the simplicity, tenderness and vigor of the native father. He is the man of the sentimentality with which Knowles imbued him. He pulls from him the modern and delicate robes of the English poet. His "Virgilius" is the "Virgilius" of Roman story—acted by the purest of motives, the determination to preserve the purity of his child—animated by the simplest and grandest of human passions, the patriotic will to redeem his country from the tyranny of the Decemvirs. His such a picture as no artist save himself has given us in his "Virgilius"—such a Roman outline as he has nowhere else filled in with color save in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus." As we last week saw it, the old memories came back upon us. We felt as we had felt when we in our boyhood read the story, and as we read felt the nakedly honest family love and patriotism of the Roman soldier troubling our boyish feelings with the genuine pity and admiration which their stoic heroism awakened in our boyish spirit. In saying this, we pay Edwin Forrest the highest compliment we can pay him, for childhood, when it thinks at all, thinks art instinctively, because its feelings are fresh; and the great artist is simply the man whose childish freshness of feeling has survived the struggles of his life, and perfected itself in the increased knowledge and disciplined skill of experience and practice. Such a great artist is Edwin Forrest most indubitably. His invariable popularity, whether as now at Niblo's Garden with Wheatley, or formerly at the old Broadway Theatre with Marshall, is but a natural necessity arising from this, and justifies itself by that which causes it.

There is at present a classic tournament between the Lady Laura, as the writers have it, and the veteran Wallace. Both have called around them doughty knights, mighty in acting and wonderful in memory, who are sustained by the smiles and co-operation of a body of fair ladies also mighty in acting and wonderful in memory. The tournament has continued two weeks, and judging by the crowds which attend to witness the (K) nightly displays, the jousting will continue with varying success for many weeks to come. We are fairly puzzled to give the preference to either house. Each has its peculiar strength, each its weak points, but the ensemble in both companies is as nearly perfect as we have ever seen in this city. In each we find strict attention to costume, and the mounting of every piece is admirable to the minutest detail. Where the rival parties are so fairly matched, the race must necessarily result in a draw. If Wallace has the advantage in a life-long experience, Laura Keane meets it by instinctive womanly tact; if Blake succeeds to Laura, Gilbert seeks the sheltering arms of Wallace. So the

balance is evened, and if, now and then, the beam is kicked by either party a masterly coup speedily restores the level.

Both houses play the same class of plays and comedies, and the playgoer may well toss up for choice whether he goes to Wallace's or Laura Keane's, being perfectly assured that in either house he will witness a performance which cannot be equalled elsewhere in the United States.

Miss Bateman concluded her brilliant and successful engagement at the Winter Garden on Saturday last. It is not too much to say that she has now fully established a metropolitan reputation, and that her career is fairly opened before her. Indorsed by the critical authorities of New York, she need not fear any other tribunal. She will undoubtedly make a triumphant tour through the country, and will, we hope, return to us in the spring with the evidence of a larger experience, and with her judgment uncorrupted by the adulation she will certainly receive wherever she goes.

Mr. Edwin Booth is now the star at Winter Garden, having made his appearance on Monday evening in the character of Hamlet. We shall have something to say of him in our next.

Despite the cool evenings which have come upon us suddenly, the number of the visitors to Cremorne Gardens has not sensibly diminished. Mr. Nixon varies his attractions so judiciously that he secures the attendance of all classes of amusement-seekers. Now we have Italian singing, with its passionate sentiment and its shallow brilliancy; then the English ballad, so touching in its simple pathos and so pleasant to all hearers. Among the brilliant Cubas flashes upon us and turns all heads by the twinkling of her feet; then follows a dramatic company, succeeded by a fine promenade concert in the open air, the entertainment for the night closing with a series of extraordinary equestrian and acrobatic performances in the circle. Such, with variations, are the attractions offered nightly to the visitors of Cremorne Gardens, and surely the most exacting individual could hardly fail to be satisfied with such an entertainment.

The obliging and indefatigable stage manager of Cremorne Gardens, Mr. W. A. Moore, selected a fine programme for his benefit on Monday evening last, and drew around him a host of friends and all the habitués of the Garden. He well merited the compliment and the success.

They say there are better fish in the sea than ever were taken out of it, and we are not inclined to doubt the truth of the old "saw," although we believe it had its origin in the tales which fishermen tell of the enormous fish they have hooked but never succeeded in landing. We remember hooking an enormous fish once—we knew it was a bull-bass by its pull, but we lost it—it was too enormous for our tackle, which it took off, float and all. We made the most of this adventure among our friends. On visiting the scene of our terrible encounter a few days after, the tide being low, we saw a suspicious substance, about a foot below the surface of the water, swaying about with the tide. We bared our arms, and seized the thing in question, and lo, it was our float. Cautionally pulling upon our fine gut leader, the enormous fish which we had hooked a few days before, and which had escaped us, gradually emerged from the bottom in the shape of a stout limb of a tree, to which our hooks were securely fast. We do not remember informing our friends of the fact, and we still have the reputation of having hooked an enormous bass which we could not pull out, and not a few of our piscatorial friends, having extracted from us correct bearings of the spot, have gone there curiously and fatally armed to overcome the funny monster who walked off with all our tackle. One of them may catch that fish yet.

What we meant to say was, that Barnum has collected some of the most extraordinary creatures of the sea that we ever gazed upon. Of their shapes we do not presume to give an opinion, but we fairly suggest that some of them seem to have their heads where their tails ought to be; that some look out of their stomachs with one eye, while others have several eyes in prominent places, and not a few of them seem to swim upside down. We do not complain of this, we are not offended in the least degree, but we really believe that there must be a mistake somewhere. Leaving their symmetry out of the question, for which we require no commendation, as Nature has done so before us, their colors are truly wonderful, and as beautiful as they are remarkable. The tints are of the richest, the most varied, the most gorgeous character, and with several of the fish the hues are constantly changing from one beautiful color to another. We do not say that Barnum made these fish, but if he did we should like to know where he got his waterproof colors from. Whether he did or did not make them, they are certainly the most attractive curiosities he has secured for his Museum for many a long day.

### ART, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE French scientific papers are full of a discovery recently made by a young chemist, named Cotele, by which he is able to extract alcohol from coal gas. The alcohol is stated to be of a very superior quality, notwithstanding which he is enabled to sell it at 25 francs the hectolitre; while alcohol of a very inferior description is sold at 75 francs. A company has been formed for working the patent.

ONE of the most astonishing trees of which the annals of the world furnish any account, is found lying on the ground near Honey Lake, on a slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains, in California. It is a petrified cedar tree, having a diameter of 40 feet at the butt, or a circumference of 130 feet, and is 600 feet in length to the point where its diameter is four feet. The remaining portion of this monster tree is covered with sand, and has, therefore, never been measured in its entire length; but if it maintains its symmetrical proportions to the top, as it probably does, 40 or 50 feet of it must be hidden in the earth, thus making its entire length more than 700 feet.

ALL fence footings, gate posts, garden stakes, and timber that is buried in the earth may be preserved from decay by the following simple process: Take 11 pounds of blue vitriol to 20 quarts of water; dissolve the vitriol with boiling water, and then add the remainder. The end of the wood is then put into a solution, and left to stand four or five days. For shingles three days will answer, and for posts six inches square 10 days. Care should be taken that the saturation should take place in a well-pitched tank or keyed box, for the reason that any barrel will be shrunk by the operation so as to leak. Instead of expanding an old cask, as other liquids do, this shrinks them. Chloride of zinc will answer the same purpose, but it is dearer.

MARRIAGE of blood relations is a subject of great practical importance, and has been lately much studied and discussed. The resulting conclusion with the best minds seems to be that when both parties are perfectly organized and without hereditary taint, the offspring of relations will be superior, mentally and physically, to those of ordinary marriages, and, if the intermarriage be continued under favorable conditions, a superior race, like the Incas of Peru, would be the result. But, on the contrary, any disease or hereditary predisposition in related parents will, by such a union, be deepened and intensified in a double ratio in their children, or at least would be the case in other marriages, where the chances would be infinitely less of similar abnormal predispositions coming together.

LINDLEY MURRAY, the great grammarian, was born in the State of Pennsylvania, in the year 1745. He studied law in New York city, and was admitted to the bar in 1767. He afterwards went to England, where he lived some 30 odd years, and died in the year 1826, in a village in Yorkshire. His grammar was first published in 1766.

UNDERGROUND RAILROADS to the extent of several miles are now completed beneath the streets of London, and the whole system as designed will be open for travel on the 1st of October. The locomotives used condense their steam and condense their smoke, and both tunnel and cars are lighted by gas. Trains are to be run every 10 minutes, and the fares are to be lower than those of the omnibuses. In the second class cars the fare will be one cent a mile, and a morning and evening train will be run at half a cent. The French prints announce the immediate commencement of a similar system of subterranean railways for the city of Paris.

### HUMORS OF THE WAR.

IT used to be thought that a draft gave people colds. Now the bare thought of such a thing gives some folks ague.

JEFF. DAVIS is the head of the rebellion, Humphrey Marshall its paunch, and Floyd and Pillow its legs.

GREAT BRITAIN is suffering terribly from the consequences of our rebellion. She was glad that it broke out; let her suffer till she is sorry.

WE think that the Federal authorities, when they can arrest rebels, should give bonds.

SINCE Illinois poured forth her myriads so gloriously for the support of the Union cause, her sobriquet has been changed by general consent from the "Sucker State" to the "Succor State."

LET our country have the actual services of all the officers and soldiers she pays. A million in the field could at once save the Union; a million on the army rolls might save nothing but their own pay.

ONE of the Hawkins Zouaves lay on the field of Antietam wounded, the fight still going on, when a Union soldier of another regiment ran by him to the rear. Zou-Zou ordered him to halt and help him off; the man continued to run, and Zou-Zou brought up his musket and grazed the man's ear, swearing he'd shoot again if he didn't come back. He helped the Zouave off. Zou-Zou said he was not going to be taken prisoner and paroled. It is said in camp that no Hawkins Zouaves were left into the enemy's hands have been paroled.



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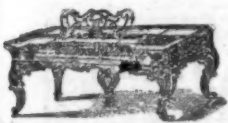
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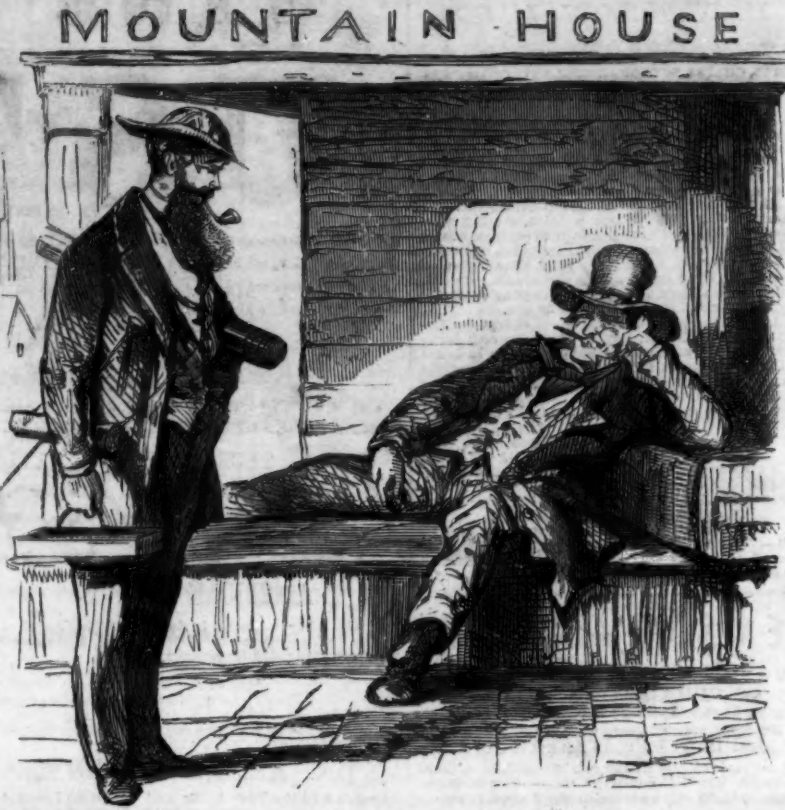


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